THE

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THE BLOOD-THIRST OF THE DAY.

THE accident which has closed the career of Mr. SIMMONS, the aëronaut, will give a new zest to ballooning. Professor BALDWIN will probably in future receive £150 per ascent instead of the hundred pounds which he is paid for risking his life at present. Of late the enterprising showman who has engaged BALDWIN and his parachute has been compelled to lay stress upon the danger, for, as he very well knows, the chance of seeing the Professor killed is half the attraction of the performance. Now that poor SIMMONS has been mangled out of recognition by a too sudden descent, caused by the collapse of his balloon after collision with a tree, the attractiveness of all aëronautical exhibitions will be increased by at least 50 per cent. SIMMONS, it seems, had made 494 previous ascents, so that after all the chance of an aëronaut coming down alive is about 500 to 1. But the odd chance has been brought vividly to the public mind, and there will be a certain thrill of excitement every time a man takes his seat in the car, caused by the reflection that when he next touches *terra firma* he may be a mangled corpse.

The craving for sensation, the longing to be thrilled, are the master passions of this nervous and excitable generation. And after all there is nothing so sensational as death, which is the climax and end of all sensation. Literature, painting, the theatre, our exhibitions, journalism, all bear witness to the fact that murder, suicide, or sudden death—that is to say, bloodshed in some form or another—is the master spell for enchaining human attention. The young Virginia authoress AMÉLIE RIVES, who wrote "The Quick or the Dead" in *Lippincott*, has written a tragedy entitled, "Herod and Mariamne," copious extracts from which appear in the *New York Herald* under the following headline:—

"LOVE, INTRIGUE, JEALOUSY, PASSION, LUST, MADNESS, MURDER, DEATH."

This tragedy, which is guaranteed to make the reader shudder, represents HEROD in one scene as crying, "Oh, God, I choke! Wine there! Nay, blood—blood—blood!" And, adds the journalist, "he gets it." HEROD in this cry is not unlike the latest product of civilization. Men and women, choking of ennui, cry for "blood—blood—blood," and Mr. RIDER HAGGARD and others take care that they get their fill of gore. There is no doubt about the demand. In all the annals of crime there is no more revolting episode than that of the murders of BURKE and HARE. But to this day the grim and horrible tale of how these men murdered their fellows in order to sell their corpses for the dissecting-table is the most popular subject that a novelist can select. The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* could never command a sale until it rehashed the narrative of these murders many years ago, and the *Sheffield Telegraph* is said to be selling at this moment 300,000 copies weekly solely on the strength of BURKE and HARE. What is known in the suggestive slang of the profession as a "good, first-class bloody murder," will sell more papers than the most brilliant article that was ever penned. A newspaper circulation is a very accurate gauge of the taste of the public. No man will give a penny for that which does not interest him. Every paper sold represents a wish sufficiently potent to lead to the sacrifice of one penny for the sake of the intelligence the paper contains. Judged by this test, the average man or woman prefers bloody murders served up hot to a poem by TENNYSON, the account of a scientific miracle of EDISON'S or an exquisite prose essay by JOHN RUSKIN.

How far will this sanguinary appetite carry us? At this moment in London one of the most popular exhibitions in London is a reproduction as lifelike as possible of the gladiatorial games of the Roman Colisseum. Twice a day thousands of men, women, and children, watch with eager interest the mimic representation of the deadly combats in a building as nearly as possible the facsimile of that where once in Imperial Rome "the buzz of eager nations ran," while "murder breathed her bloody steam" and "man was butchered by his fellow man, and wherefore butchered? Wherefore but because" the Roman public, jaded and ennuyed, found life not worth living without the stimulus of the sight of death. We are getting it very like the real thing at Kensington. BUFFALO BILL began it with apparent slaughter of Indians The Arabs at Olympia kept it up with their attack on the French military train, and now we have killing going on in make-believe at both the Irish and the Italian Exhibition. Where will it stop? The popularity of a hanging in England in old time and of a guillotining in Paris to-day show how deep and passionate is the craving to see men killed. Some day perhaps some great artist in realism will arise who will give us the real thing itself. A generation that exults in the Spanish bull fights, that pays BALDWIN £100 to risk his neck, that puts an enormous premium upon exploits which sooner or later end in death, which crowds to see the make-believe of gladiatorial combat and which prides itself upon vivisection, is not far removed from the generation that almost deified TITUS for building the Flavian amphitheatre. Science and freedom of contract and over-population might together bring men first to excuse and then to justify the occasional massacre of Chinese gladiators, who would willingly sell themselves to death—if the price were good enough—to make an English holiday in West Kensington.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF FREEDOM.

INTERVIEWS WITH SOME OLD WEST INDIAN SLAVES.

THIS month (writes a special correspondent from the West Indies) is the jubilee of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and there are still scattered over the country where the great sugar aristocracy once ruled supreme a considerable number of old people who were old enough at the time of emancipation to have felt the bitterness of the state of bondage. There are very few districts that have not their "granddams" and their "granddads" to stand by as the local authorities on all slave matters; and it is not strange that I, finding myself in Demerara while this Emancipation Jubilee was being celebrated, should go a little out of my way to meet a few of these old relics of the past. I had been turning over the pages of a Demerara newspaper of seventy years ago, and in doing so received a very clear idea of the particular position in the scale of humanity that was allotted to these poor people. Here are a few advertisements copied at random from the *Royal Gazette* of 1816 and 1817:—

"FOR SALE, by private contract, a good dwelling-house, a logie, a gin-house, a baling-press—all in good order—170 prime and healthy negroes, and 50 head of horned cattle. For further particulars," &c.

"RUN AWAY from Plantation Zeeluyt, on the 20th January, a negro woman named Savewa. She has a limp in her walk, remarkably red eyes, and is lame in her left arm, Whoever will lodge her in the colony jail shall receive the reward of 66 guilders."

"FOR SALE, by order of the executors of R. W——, deceased, a negro named Thomas, at three months credit; also two field negroes, and a woman with child."

Glancing at records of this kind, I was curious to see what these creatures looked like and how they had borne themselves after going through such degradation. I wanted to see if they felt those passions which such treatment would have generated in the hearts of an independent people. The twelve or fourteen that I saw I found quiet, harmless old people, inoffensive in their thoughts, as they had been inoffensive in their later lives. A sort of gentle submissiveness was characteristic of them all, and a marked civility was the only thing that reminded you of their former humble position. They were poor broken old people, whose only trouble now was contained in the two words—food and clothes.

"SLAVE TIME BAD": "TOO MUCH LICKING."

Just outside Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, there is a village settlement where a number of old slaves have lived "since free came," as they are wont to speak of emancipation. My first attempt was with an old man of probably seventy-eight years of age. He was sitting on a bench in front of his cottage, leaning slightly forward on a stick, with a most amiable smile on his wrinkled face. He wore a pair of trousers with as much cloth in them as would make half a dozen tourists' suits, a blue flannel shirt, a pair of very gaudy braces, and a white boo hat. His "get-up" was strangely like that of some of the *artistes* of the music-hall stage, otherwise his fringe of white beard and his benevolent smile would have made a different man of him. In his Sunday clothes I could imagine him sitting for one of the illustrations of Christian influence that appear on the backs of the missionary magazines at home. My companion undertook to set him going. "Buccra massa want you tell 'um all 'bout slave time," he shouted in his ear, adopting the negro dialect to be more intelligible. "'Member slave time?" the old fellow said, with a shake of his head and a smile; "'Tank me holy Faader, I do. Slave time? Yes. Me slave long long time. Too much slave. Slave time bad. Massa bad. Lick 'um too much. 'Member slave time?" And the old man's voice died away in a long and enjoyable chuckle. We tried again, this time

with slightly more success. "Eh, eh; massa want know 'bout slave time?" "Me members eberyting. The lillie boy long for free come. Work 'bout here. Cotton all grow. No house—lillie few house." And now he rattled away glibly enough about his work on the plantation. He had worked mostly in the cotton fields, knew how to pick cotton, string cotton, "make it ready send to England." I had been told that many of the old slaves preferred those times to their days of freedom; but this was not one of them. There was a considerable amount of "licking" in his account of the daily routine of work. The bell rang them to work in the morning. If they were not there—licked. If they did not work enough through the day—licked. If the work was not to the satisfaction of the overseer—licked. "Massa lick 'im too bad," he said. "Just tief lillie lillie bit coffee—lick, lick, lick. One hundred, two hundred lashes." I asked him if it was he who got the lashes for stealing coffee; but he only smiled and shook his head, relapsing into silence, after quietly murmuring as a sort of soliloquy: "Bless de Lord I live to see dis day. Tank me ibenly Faarder I live to see dis day." It would have been cruel to rouse him from such a pleasant reverie; so here we left him.

"SLAVE TIME NOT TOO BAD—IF MASSA GOOD."

We saw one or two more old slaves in this settlement, and in every case when the question was put to them they were in considerable doubt as to whether slavery was a worse condition to live in than freedom. The fact of their having since emancipation to pay rent and buy food seems—now that the fear of the master's lash and the indignities of slavery are left far behind—to weigh heavily against the pleasures of liberty. "Slavery good, grand-dam?" I asked one woman. "Slave time not too bad," she answered, and then, as a saving clause, "if massa good. Always get clothes, always get plantain, and pork, and beef; massa send she hospital when she sick. Not—too—bad," she concluded, deliberately and reflectively. It would not be safe, however, to take the opinion of these old folk. Old age may have dissipated the feelings and the passions that they once felt. They are now peaceable, quiet, old people. Time seems to have worn down the roughness of their lives, and left only a gentle sadness in its place.

"FIRE OUT BANG AND ALL SLAVES FREE."

An old man with strong religious instincts, who praised "the holy Church of Christ" for every blessing he had received, gave me a somewhat picturesque sketch of the way emancipation was received by the negroes. "Fifty years agone," he said, "seem like yesterday, massa. 'Member 'mancipation well. People say slave man pull down houses and 'mash white man when free come, but never do. All—plenty slave went church, massa, dat night, went church all over de country, massa, and sing hymn. And parson talk to slaves and tell 'um when gun fire at twelve o'clock all black men free—needn't nebber go back to bad massa. Den hymn sing no more, and eberyone wait, wait, all quiet, not lillie bit noise, and den de gun fire out bang, and all slaves 'mancipated free. Ebery man and woman, massa, fell on 'um knees and bless de Lord dat all free and 'mancipated for ever. And no house pull down, massa. Lot slaves nebber go back to work with massa, lot get land, put up little house, and grow plantain; and some go back when massa good. But no house pull down. Only country nigger make row."

AN UNFORGOTTEN HORROR.

Another old woman who, from what I could make out, had been a slave at Barbadoes, had a very gloomy tale to tell. Her negro English, coupled with an indistinct utterance, was not very intelligible to me, but with the aid of my companion I managed to get at the drift of her story. And as she told it the lines of her face were darkened with passion and fear, and she bent her head and glowered beneath her shaggy eyebrows as she detailed the incidents in a harsh, monotonous voice. The story was that for some offence twelve women were chained together perfectly naked, and after being smeared all over their bodies with molasses were tied to a stake in the middle of a field, and made to stand there several hours. In two or three minutes they were covered with bees and insects of every kind, and went through untold suffering before they were released. From what I could gather, she had nothing to do with the affair, but was telling the story at second-hand; and yet, after all these years, the recital moved her deeply, and she trembled with excitement.

130 YEARS OLD: LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

When we left this old dame we proceeded some distance—to another suburb of Georgetown, in fact—to see an ancient female who was popularly supposed to be 130 years old. I had my own ideas about this, but still anticipated that she would be an interesting creature. It is strange to talk to these people, who were living when scenes which are only known to us as matters of history were being transacted in other parts of the world. She was not in the house when we entered, but soon arrived from a neighbour's house, creeping along almost bent double over a short stick which she carried in both hands in front of her. She was terribly old. "There never was so old a woman," to unsex a line of Wordsworth. Beneath a heavy wrinkled brow her eyes gave forth no light. You could see that she was quite blind, and such a faded and withered old figure I never before did see. She had been told some one wanted to see her, and in a negative sort of way was quite delighted. No sooner was she seated than her head began slowly to swing round in my direction. It stopped in front of me, and a low deep voice, as strong as a man's, said, "Massa, what you ask me?" The question came so simply and naturally that I replied in the same tone. I told her what I wanted, but I saw she did not know I had been speaking. Her head was still turned inquiringly to me. I spoke in a louder voice. Still not a word. I shouted; she replied that she was rather deaf. I lifted up the handkerchief she wore on her head and yelled into her ear that I wanted her to tell me something about slavery. It seemed as if this deafness was the mark of distinction between the old woman's period and my own. It was like shouting down a road after some one who had walked on ahead eighty years before. But she heard me now, and at once launched into a long account of her family. Indeed, she talked of nothing but herself and family all the time I was there. Quite naturally and quietly she told me that her last child was born before emancipation in 1838, that she had two sons concerned in the rising which took place in 1823, when for some time the colony was under martial law, and that at the present time her great, great granddaughter was the mother of a small family. Here was an interesting old relic, if only she had been conscious of the great events that had happened in the civilized world during her lifetime. Here I was in the presence of a woman born, according to her account, before the French Revolution was thought of; who was quietly picking cotton within half a mile of where she now sat when the restless brain of Napoleon was alive and working on his great schemes of ambition. She might have contemplated in her maturity every change that had taken place in Europe during the present century. But she knows nothing. The varying seasons were all the changes that occurred in her life, and when freedom came she settled on the land where she had been living, and grew the plantains and caught the fish that were sufficient for her wants. When I questioned her closely now she broke off into a minute account of a quarrel she had had with her sweetheart one moonlight night when all the young slaves were assembled to dance in the negro yard. This was probably some time at the latter part of last century.

AN OLD SLAVE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE.

This was the last slave I had any conversation with on this particular occasion, but I accidentally discovered another old man living up the River Demerara who considers that he is not unimportantly connected with the political history of this century. He is an interesting old character—lively, intelligent, and with some contempt for the "nigger" of the present generation. His great claim to notice, however, is through his connection with Mr. Gladstone's family. He was a slave on Plantation Vreed-en-Hoop, an estate which belonged to Mr. Gladstone's father, and one of the proud moments of his life is when he is telling of a visit of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the present ex-Premier, to the colony—of course when Mr. Gladstone was a very young man. I have mentioned this since to an old colonist, and he is under the impression that it was a brother of Mr. Gladstone who visited the estate. But the old man was positive. When I questioned him closely about it he was immediately on his dignity, and asked me if I "tink he ain't got sense 'cos he old slave?" "Don't know Massa Gladstone?" he exclaimed, with the utmost scorn, "and he de right hand ob Queen Victoria! You won't fool me, massa." He came near weeping over this insult, but after awhile he deigned to proceed with his story. He said he would never forget young Mr. Gladstone coming to the estate. It was being managed at that time by a very stern Scotchman, who made the slaves turn out to work in all kinds of weather, and often under very hard circumstances. They were having a rough time of it when the young politician arrived, and it was not long before he took in the situation. And then the old fellow laughed as he told how the master's son brought the manager to book and made a wholesale reformation on the estate, and how, when he went back to England, great packages of household goods were sent out by the next ship for the slaves and their families.

A REFORM MOVEMENT IN DEMERARA.

Mr. Gladstone initiated reforms, too, in another direction. The old man had the privilege of beholding Mr. Gladstone in *déshabille*, and saw with great delight and envy a buckle and strap at the back of his trousers. The craze for imitation is strong in the negro race, and this ambitious slave never rested until he was possessed of a like mode of keeping his nether garments in suspension. It is now the great solace of his declining years that he was the first black man to take advantage of this comparatively insignificant comfort of civilization.

I found it very pleasant talking with these old slaves, when their broken English was not too obscure and the inevitable deafness not too great an obstacle. Considering that they were all in the last days of a long life, I found an intelligence seemingly equal to the generation which has succeeded them. To me there was certainly nothing about them that would justify the notice once painted over one of the churches of the colony—

DOGS AND NEGROES NOT ADMITTED HERE.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF DICKENS AND CARLYLE.

A BRIEF NOTE ON A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has read with interest Mrs. Caird's article on "Marriage" and the interview with that lady published in our columns last week, sends us the subjoined communication. It will be observed that he makes no attempt to prove anything either one way or the other, but contents himself with briefly setting forth a few facts concerning the married life of Dickens and of Carlyle, merely pointing out that, as it seems to him, in the one case a mutually agreed upon separation resulted in disaster, while in the other the marriage bond, though strained, remained unbroken, as it was best for both that it should. We print his note without further introduction.

The marriage of the future, as I understand it from Mrs. Caird's famous article and the interview published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is to be a contract which shall, in the event of certain contingencies happening, be dissoluble at the instance of either party. Mrs. Caird protests—and rightly protests—against any inference being drawn of what will happen when a new relation is legalized from the occurrences which take place when that same relation is under a ban. Yet I think I may be allowed to point out that there are two remarkably apposite cases in the literary history of the last fifty years or so, in each of which I have no doubt Mrs. Caird would have advocated voluntary separation. In the one case—and here there were several children—such a separation did actually take place; in the other, a childless marriage, the pair, in the face of the gravest misunderstanding, lived together "till death them did part." It is not my intention to

generalize upon these two cases: whatever weight they may possess will, I make no doubt, be ultimately accorded to them.

Charles Dickens married at the age of twenty-four. His wife was the sister of a brother journalist; for at the time of his marriage Dickens was still parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. The young couple appear to have lived very happily together for some years; she bore him a considerable number of children, and his references to her are always of an affectionate character. Years rolled on, and the reporter became a rich and famous novelist. He amassed considerable wealth; his books were in everbody's hands, and his name became a household word. Dickens and his wife lived together for twenty years. How the estrangement which eventually ended in their separation arose it is very difficult to discover: Mr. Forster, as becomes an experienced and discreet biographer, touches the episode as lightly as possible. But, it seems to me, there is every reason to accept the statement of Dickens's latest biographer (Mr. Frank Marzials) that for some time previous to 1868 Dickens was in an "over-excited, nervous, morbid state." He was feverish, and could not be quiet. As Harriet Martineau remarked, "It must have been terribly wearing to his wife." And, on the other hand, Mrs. Dickens's dissatisfaction must have reacted upon her husband's peculiar frame of mind. Things could not go on like this for long. We find him writing to Forster: "Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. Her temperament will not go with mine." Such a letter only too clearly foreshadowed the end; and they parted soon afterwards.

Now, mark the sequel. I have no doubt that could this period of depression, irritation, and feverish unrest for Dickens have been tided over, he and his wife might have lived happily together for years. A man does not lightly lose his affection for the wife of his youth, or part with all love for the mother of his children. But they separated. There was the usual gossip of course; and Dickens, to set himself right with the public, printed a personal explanation in *Household Words*. More, he quarrelled with the proprietors of *Punch*, because they refused to insert said explanation into that periodical. Nay, more still: he wrote a letter to his secretary, setting forth the grounds upon which his wife and he had separated, and reflecting in the most unwarrantable manner upon the unhappy woman's failings. His secretary showed the letter to the correspondent of a New York paper, with the inevitable result that so sensational a piece of copy was immediately cabled across the Atlantic. The storm blew over in time, but henceforward one hears no more of the Catherine of happier days. She was not present at Gadshill when her husband died: one does not know whether she was sent for or not: one only knows that it was the arm of his wife's sister and not that of his wife which supported him as he rose dying from his dinner table. Dickens's reference to his wife in his will, made a year before his death, is anything but affectionate. There is no mention of a "second best bed with furniture," such as Shakspeare bequeathed to his wife; but instead of it we find a self-gratulatory sentence which reads almost like a reproach. "And I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife since our separation by consent has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself." In this wise the mournful chapter is brought to a close.

We pass from the consideration of the married life of Charles Dickens to contemplate that of Thomas Carlyle—

> My soul, turn from them: turn we to survey
> Where rougher climes a nobler race display.

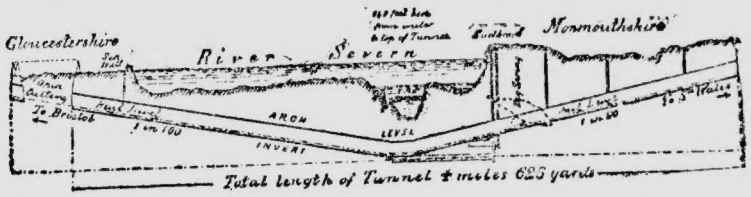
When Carlyle married he had still to win position and independence from that sternest of taskmasters, Literature. No kindly fate smiled upon him, rendering his first book so successful that he might command a small fortune for everything he wrote afterwards. For years he and his brave little wife could scarcely make ends meet. A solitary farmhouse like Craigenputtock, with a taciturn husband for company, is not a thing exactly calculated to promote sweetness of disposition in a woman. Nor, on the other hand, do years of unremitting, unremunerative, and unrecognised literary labour conduce to suavity of demeanour in a man. Mrs. Carlyle was a remarkably clever woman, unequalled in the art of saying bitter and mordant things. "Charming, witty, brilliant, affectionately playful as she naturally was," remarks Mr. Froude, "she had a hot temper, and a tongue, when she was angry, like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch." She and Carlyle often misunderstood one another: possibly they may not have been altogether well matched: they certainly quarrelled. Rising from the perusal of Mrs. Carlyle's "Memorials" and Froude's "Life of Carlyle," one is almost tempted to believe that it might have been well if they could have separated. And yet would it have been well? Assuredly not. For, in spite of all vain surface shows; in spite of Carlyle's everlasting grumbling and frequent neglect of his wife; in spite of Mrs. Carlyle's "heart-cutting words"; in spite even of Lady Ashburton —the pair loved each other with a love that was intense and enduring. If any man doubts Carlyle's great love for his wife, let him read the broken-hearted widower's own account of how he received the news of her death at his sister's house at Scotsbrig, a few days after the brilliant triumph of his rectorial address at Edinburgh University. "Not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depths of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and in a moment shattered my poor world to universal ruin." And if still sceptical, let him turn to the beautiful epitaph composed by Carlyle for his wife's grave. I need only quote the inexpressibly touching conclusion: "She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out." The light of his life as if gone out! But were it not infinitely better that pale Death should quench that light, than that any miserable misunderstanding between the pair should have caused either of them voluntarily to extinguish it?

*THE SEVERN TUNNEL.**

THIS book is by Mr. Thomas A. Walker, who was the contractor for the works, and by whom they were, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties, successfully completed. The book is dedicated to Sir John Hawkshaw, F.R.S.S.L. & E., past president of the Inst. C.E., "of whose professional skill and indomitable perseverance the tunnel itself will ever remain a lasting monument." In the preface the author states that he was engaged for seven years on the construction of the Severn Tunnel. Mr. Bentley happened on one occasion to come down from London, and after spending the best part of a day on the works appeared to be very much interested in what he saw. Indeed, very shortly after his return he wrote to ask that Mr. Walker would place upon record some account of the construction of the tunnel. Hence we have to thank the keen-eyed Mr. Bentley for this volume. The work is not too technical to be read with the greatest interest by al who have any interest whatever in our engineering feats. Indeed, it is astonishing to find that a man who had so many and such immense public works in hand, with such stupendous responsibilities, could find time to write a book at all, and he admits it "proved to me a more arduous task than a year's superintendence of the tunnel itself."

The history of the tunnel informs us that the Great Western Railway Company were anxious to establish a more direct route between Bristol and South Wales, and to avoid many existing sharp curves and gradients, and so obtained an Act for a bridge near Chepstow, which was abandoned, and in 1871 they adopted their then engineer Mr. Charles Richardson's plan for the tunnel, which is now a *fait accompli*. The site chosen is just below where the Wye joins the Severn, a locality environed and made interesting by Roman camps and remains. Sir John Hawkshaw was consulting engineer, and the works were commenced by the Great Western Railway early in 1873, in a purely agricultural and uninhabited district. By 1877 progress had been so slow it was decided to let a contract for the work, and Mr. Walker's tender was accepted, but a lot more experimental work was done, and the works were constantly "drowned out," and

Section of Tunnel



the result of seven years' working was truly melancholy. The directors then got Sir John Hawkshaw to take full charge, and Mr. Walker's contract was sealed, the works being handed over to him on December 18, 1879. The tunnel is just over 4½ miles long.

The book teems with anecdotes and instances of misfortune and adventure, some of the latter displaying the greatest pluck and endurance —for example, on one occasion, in 1880, the works were flooded owing to the bursting of the "great pump," and during the "final struggle" it was absolutely essential that a diver should descend a shaft about 200 ft. deep with 30 ft. of water in it and travel along a heading for 1,000 ft., drawing his air hose after him. Arriving at his destination he had to go behind a door, shut down an 18-inch valve, come back through the door, pull up two rails of tramway, close the door after him, then screw down a 12-inch sluice, and come back again, dragging his vital air-pipe! Three divers started, one to do the above trifles, the duty of the other two being to pass along the leader's hose. The leading man, Lambert, groped his way in total darkness under 30 feet head of water, among and past all the upturned skips, tools, and lumps of rock, until he reached 100 feet from the door, when he found his strength unavailing to drag his air-pipe after him. In vain he struggled with it: it was impossible, and he had to return. About this time Mr. Fleuss had invented an apparatus dispensing with the hose and carrying a supply of compressed oxygen. He came and tried, and failed. Lambert tried the apparatus, liked it, and at his second attempt succeeded. Many other interesting adventures and experiments are narrated—sometimes successful, sometimes not. The river constantly broke in, and many were the devices employed to keep it out. Great snowstorms, a most destructive tidal wave, unfounded—but not to be wondered at—panics amongst the men, strikes, fevers, and loss of life, were encountered, and happily dealt with. Hospitals, schools, a chapel and mission room, houses, brickworks, engines and houses were erected, and electric light and tele phones were used. Sir John Hawkshaw and his son were assiduous in their labours, and were constantly about the works. The greatest number of men at work at one time was 3,628; no fewer than 76,400,000 bricks were used in the tunnel and bridges, and 36,794 tons of Portland cement, 250 tons of blasting material, and for more than a year the average quantity of water pumped was 24,000,000 gallons daily. The first passenger train passed through the tunnel on July 1, 1887, and no hitch in its working has ever occurred since.

* "The Severn Tunnel: its Construction and Difficulties, 1872—1887." By Thomas A. Walker. (London: Richard Bentley and Son, New Burlington-street. 1888.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The astrologers of Tibet have done us good service in postponing the attack upon our position in Gnatong, which would otherwise have been delivered before the arrival of reinforcements. Both British and Goorkha troops have now come up to the front, and Gnatong is considered safe against any number of Tibetans. The latter, on their side, are quite confident that they can drive us out of Sikkim whenever they choose to put forth their strength. There is likely, therefore, to be some serious slaughter before the Tibetans learn that 2,000 British troops in a strong position, with ample provisions and supplies, can defy all the Tibetans in Asia.

Lord Arthur Hill is making such a foolish exhibition of himself about this Cork band that he ought to be secured at once and placed on view as a comical absurdity in a conspicuous show case in the Irish Exhibition. "This is Lord Arthur Hill in a rage," would be an appropriate label for what would be one of the most attractive exhibits in Olympia. To make so much ado about nothing is a fair sample of the common sense of the ascendency party to which Lord Arthur belongs. He had better countermand the other Cork bands which are coming over, for it will be a point of honour with them not to play the National Anthem after the fuss that has been made about this *contretemps*.

Why do the Irish people dislike the tune of "God Save the Queen?" The fresh turn which Mr. Balfour gave yesterday to the Coercion screw should remind the world for the hundredth time of the answer. "God Save the Queen," so far as it is a political song at all, is a psalm in praise of the existing order. In England people generally are on the side of that order. In Ireland they are against it, for the simple reason that it is against them. Hence it is that when the brothers Redmond were yesterday arrested as criminals in the Queen's name, they expressed their "high satisfaction" at being thought worthy of Mr. Balfour's prosecution; and that when Father Kennedy was similarly taken off to gaol, the whole population of Cork turned out to do him honour.

"If I were asked the readiest means of converting thoughtful Englishmen to Home Rule," writes Mr. William O'Brien, in the new number of the *Westminster Review*, "I should be disposed to answer by placing Mr. Wemyss Reid's two volumes in every English home." The compliment is deserved, and before the General Election we hope the Irish chapters will be brought out in cheap form for universal circulation. No one who thoroughly masters the story of how Mr. Forster tried and failed will dare to believe that Mr. Balfour will succeed.

M. Ferry made a false move in representing to his constituents yesterday that Boulangism is nothing but "all the reactions grouped together." It is that, perhaps; but it is something else also—namely, a growing defection from the Republican ranks. That this is the fact is incontestably shown by electoral statistics, and it is a fact which has to be reckoned with. But M. Ferry is not the man to face it, for no small share of the popular disfavour which has fallen upon the Republic in these latter days is due to the policy of adventure which he inaugurated.

Two magistrates yesterday were compelled to admit that the police are not infallible, and to-day of course they ought to be reprimanded for their pains by Sir Charles Warren. At Worship-street a publican named Saunders was charged with assaulting policeman 211 G, but being able to retain a solicitor for his defence he repulsed the "moral miracle" with loss. The constable found Saunders "standing against a lamp post" for a long time and asked him if he were waiting for a friend. Saunders said, "What is that to you?" and, according to the evidence of 211 G and 181 G—the usual backer-up in such cases—pushed the constable twice and gave him a back-hander on the chest. Saunders's statement was that he was standing opposite his public-house, to which he pointed, and said to the constable, "There is my name up there." After hearing which Mr. Bushby said "it was certain that Mr. Maitland (the prisoner's solicitor) was entitled to contend that a man had a right to stand in the street, unless seen to do any overt act, without being catechized by a constable. The prisoner was wrongly in custody and must be discharged." Yet 211 G, who had so monstrously exceeded his duty, is, apparently, to go unpunished.

At Bow-street there were more police charges; one Lumsey being charged with assaulting the police, and one Martin with attempting his rescue; but the evidence was so unsatisfactory that Mr. Bridge accepted the former's own recognizances in £5 for six months, and discharged the latter. And then Mr. Bridge spoke pregnant words, which show pretty clearly the opinion he is at last beginning to entertain as to the ways of Sir Charles Warren's lambs. He did not, he said,

> Want to complain of the conduct of the police, but he thought that where a man was charged and a man was following he ought not to be arrested, because he might be going up to give the defendant a character or offer some valuable information. If there was any charge to be preferred against him he could afterwards be summoned. It looked as if constables did it for the purpose of preventing evidence being given, and action ought never to be taken by the police to lead to that supposition. He hoped his advice would be taken by the police.

This is cheering; for when magistrates begin to realize the truth of what we have so long maintained, there is hope that the metropolitan police may at last be converted into efficient guardians of the peace.

One of the unemployed who addressed some three or four hundred persons on Clerkenwell-green yesterday "heaped scorn and obloquy upon the *Pall Mall Gazette* for what he considered the cowardly advice of that journal respecting the meeting in Hyde Park." Who this scornful orator may be we don't know, but as he said that he had been in Millbank Gaol, and also in the workhouse, he was evidently a man who had suffered experience in the under side of this world's affairs, and therefore we excuse his blunder. What we advised the unemployed to do was to take practical steps to show that their aim was practical redress, not aimless disturbance. We did not advise them to discontinue their meetings; we merely suggested that after each meeting they should enrol the unemployed, and take steps to bring their existence effectively before the attention of the London M.P.'s. "Instead of confining yourselves to talking, take to counting" was what we said; and as it is good advice, we repeat it once more for the benefit of those who are agitation-making, whether in Hyde Park, on Clerkenwell-green, or anywhere else.

Mr. Gladstone need hardly reply to the quibbles about his reference to the Neapolitan prisoners. They do not require serious treatment. At the same time he cannot afford to submit to Mr. Chaplin's old accusation about his memory in the form in which it has been revived in the *Times*. There can be no disputing his high personal authority in these cases. We understand that he fully intends to revert to the matter of the Neapolitan prisoners in his speech at Wrexham on the 4th of September, and to leave his statements and arguments in an unassailable position. There will be some interest in a further deliverance upon so interesting a theme, and we may claim to have been the first to institute the parallel and contrast, which are now so painfully disrelished by the Unionist press.

Our forecast has proved correct. The Irish landlords are determined to squeeze something out of the present Government if they can. A combination of the few Irish Tory members in the House of Commons has been suggested. If they would only make a fifth party and play tricks with crackers, to send Mr. Smith's "nerves" into constant quivers, they may hope to succeed. The present Government, chimes in a Dublin Tory organ, has no principles and does not believe in them; it lives by votes alone. Hence the fine opening for a political hullabaloo. Not so, writes Viscount Ashbrook, a purely Irish peer, and therefore by nature a man of combat. Action in the House of Commons will not "be found possible, and in any case it will fail in its object. No: the remedy for the present state of things is to be found in the Upper House alone. Our representatives there ought to and can obtain justice for us from a Government that is only influenced by votes and politics." It will be delightful to see the Irish peers making themselves eminently disagreeable. They will enjoy the fun, and we shall laugh at the failure.

The truth about the harvest in Southern Russia, about which there was some contest yesterday, is set at rest to-day by the President of the Vienna International Market Committee. Taking the number 100 as the sign of a good average harvest, the following figures were given to represent the present year's crops in South Russia:—

	South Russia.	Great Britain.		South Russia.	Great Britain.
Wheat	120	 78	Barley	120	 100
Rye.....	120	..... —	Oats	120	 100

South Russia tops the score with the following exception: Wheat, Moldavia, 130. Rye: Roumania, 130. Oats: Denmark, 125.

Of our correspondent who wrote about parachutes "Another Correspondent" now writes:—"The 'friendly policeman' who explained that the lady who fell off a 'bus escaped damage because her petticoats buoyed her up talked nonsense, as his order often does. Petticoats cannot act as a parachute until expanded, and they cannot expand in a moment. Hence 'Professor' Baldwin's 200 feet drop 'like a stone' before his parachute begins to act. If the Professor attempted to descend

from a height of, say, 150 feet, he would be dashed to pieces. The lady who 'parachuted' from Clifton Suspension Bridge had more chance; but I defy any woman to throw herself out of a third floor window 'without serious risk,' or any Baldwin either. The Baldwin feat is simple and comparatively safe because (1) he descends from a sufficient altitude to ensure thorough expansion of the parachute long before reaching the ground; and (2) he descends from a free balloon, which, moving with the wind, gives him a start in (relatively) an absolute calm, so that he avoids risk of capsizing. And so long as he avoids collision with houses and trees, maintains his machine in reliable order, and keeps his 'nerve,' he will be able to go up and down safely all his life."

The practice of "pulling" seems to be known in India as well as in England. From a case tried at Poona at the beginning of this month, it appears that Ahmed, a Mahommedan jockey, accused an English officer of telling him to "pull" a horse in a race in which they were both riding. The English officer brought an action against the jockey for defamation, which has ended in "the entire exoneration" of the plaintiff, in spite of the fact that several native witnesses swore to hearing him tell Ahmed to "pull." Now the Hindustani for "pull" is, it appears, *pichee rao*, and as the officer admitted to swearing strange oaths at the jockey, one must suppose that some of them sounded like *pichee rao*. The swearing Englishman, and the Mahommedan misinterpreting the oaths as orders to pull, do not between them say much for the atmosphere of Indian racecourses.

"THE INVASION OF ENGLAND."

BY GENERAL SIR ANDREW CLARKE, G.C.M.G.

I have thought much over your suggestion of combined naval and military manœuvres, and I feel bound to confess that in my opinion no real good whatever could be thus attained. To give to such manœuvres any semblance of reality would involve not merely a mobilization of the forces of the country on a grand scale; but the temporary monopoly of the railways for the purposes of military transport. I should be glad to see both these experiments made; but I cannot conceive that Parliament or the country would accept the necessary sacrifice. Failing this, no reality of any sort could be imparted to these combined manœuvres. As Sir E. Fanshawe points out, such manœuvres must be limited to a test of "the means of defence possessed by the seaports and coast towns against raids for the purpose of levying contributions." A test of this nature would be wholly fallacious, and I entirely dissent from his view that a sham contest between ships and coast defences "could be easily brought under the rules and be dealt with by umpires." Rules of more or less value may possibly be laid down to govern the case of a mock combat between ships of known powers. No such rules can be laid down as regards a contest between ships and the defences of our harbours. The wildest suppositions as to the issue would be raised on either side, and who is to hold the balance? For example, I hold, on evidence which appears to be incontrovertible, that had the Egyptians at Alexandria possessed a force of well-trained and well-practised gunners, our great fleet would have been compelled to retire to Malta in a shattered condition, and this in spite of the gross defects which characterized the Egyptian defences. Other people doubtless hold views diametrically opposite and regard Alexandria as a conclusive proof of naval superiority. Submarine mines supply another indefinitely disputable factor.

Again, supposing the attacking fleet to carry a landing force of 20,000 men, as Colonel Howard Vincent suggests, it would land them at Brighton without any difficulty and the papers would preach the ease of invasion for the next year. But give me a force encamped at Guildford or Redhill and full command over the southern railways, and I know that I can put down troops at any part between Portsmouth and Hastings almost as they can be landed, and further, that they will have the resources of England at their back, with which to meet an invader *en l'air*. Combined manœuvres thoroughly carried out without stint of expense, without question of public convenience, would be most instructive, and if properly conducted might possibly provide us with data of some kind to meet the wild assertions with which we are becoming familiar. On any other terms, such manœuvres must necessarily be useless and probably dangerously misleading.

The risks attending public experiments of this nature are admirably illustrated by some of the deductions at which Colonel Howard Vincent has arrived after a perusal of the accounts of the manœuvres just terminated. Still these recent manœuvres, I am ready to admit, are pregnant with material for much serious thought, and I hope may result in energetic and wise action. For their main features seem to have been a break down of the Queen's ships under no great or exceptional strain, and this I ventured in the *P.M.G.* last year to point out would be inevitable when I contrasted the performance of her Majesty's men-of-war with that of the American line. If some improvement in this direction, and a better organization for a general and more extended coaling of the national fleet, be effected as the result of this year's operations, much of the reproach and ridicule they have otherwise deserved will be removed from them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In your issue of the 22nd inst., under the heading "Free Marriage *v.* The Marriage Bond," you state that Mrs. Mona Caird's article on Marriage has sold out the whole edition of the *Westminster Review*. This is quite true, and a second edition is published to-day. But you go on to add that this is "an occurrence without a precedent." We should be obliged if you would kindly allow us to say that this latter statement is incorrect, as we were obliged to reprint the last May number. The *Westminster Review* when a quarterly was also several times reprinted.—Yours faithfully,

TRUBNER AND CO.

57 *and* 59, *Ludgate-hill, E.C., August* 25.

THE SERVANTS AT THE CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In your issue of this evening I observe that "a deputation of servants from the Constitutional Club attended at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office this afternoon," and stated several things. I have read the report of the deputation with care, and I have failed to notice any mention of the fact—an important fact, I think—that the servants' 1887 Christmas-box, subscribed by members, amounted to the enormous sum of £760 5*s.*, and that such sum was distributed among the servants according to length of service, many servants receiving sums of £20, £18, £15, and so on in a descending scale; a mere youth of fifteen who helps to look after the newspapers received the sum of £12. I am satisfied that there are no servants anywhere better paid and cared for than the servants of the Constitutional Club, and I believe that the great majority of them are contented and happy.—I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN GRAHAM.

25, *College-hill, E.C., August* 24.

THE CHURCH BELL NUISANCE.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Would you kindly use your powerful influence in order to put a stop to a most intolerable nuisance in this neighbourhood? I refer to the everlasting striking, &c., of the clock of St. Mary Magdalen. If it only struck the hours during the day it would be bad enough, but to strike the hours and the quarter hours through the night is beyond all reason. If only persons in this parish would not give one penny to the support of any church which allowed either clocks to strike or bells to ring invalids and people with nerves would then, in all probability, be no longer doomed to suffer the martyrdom which they now undergo.—I remain, your obedient servant,

RIMRI.

Paddington, August 25.

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR CENTRAL FINSBURY.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your remarks on the candidature of the Hon. Dadabhi Naoroji for Central Finsbury and the comments of the *Star* thereupon, I notice that the *Star* repeats its assertion that Naoroji, an Anglo-Indian, cannot win a London seat. Why should your contemporary be so positive on this point? The House of Commons has repeatedly received foreign-born members, and is the *Star* aware of the fact that for over thirty years Mr. Naoroji has been a merchant and ratepayer of the City of London and is as good a Radical as could be found? Further I have taken the trouble to compare the polls of 1885 and 1886 in 32 London constituencies, and find that the loss on 1885 in 1886 ranged from 1,331 in Lewisham to 406 in Stepney (Holborn, Naoroji lost 523), such tried Liberals as Sir Charles Russell losing 744; Professor Stuart, 760; Ince, 960; Spicer, 996. I venture to think the Anglo-Indian need not be ashamed of this comparison, and only before the constituency a little over a week. No one regrets more than I do the difficulty in Central Finsbury, but very few candidates have to undergo such an exhaustive process as Naoroji has undergone. It appears to me that the time has arrived for the minority to give way to the majority, and thus settle their differences in the time-honoured way.—I am, respectfully yours,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

August 24.

IS CONSUMPTION INFECTIOUS?

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—The decision at which the Congress on Tuberculosis has arrived, and the extracts you have published from the *New York Herald*, will cause so much anxiety to those in immediate attendance on consumptives, and discourage, if not prevent, the latter from taking one of the best foods for such cases, that I shall be obliged if you will permit me to point out how baseless the theory of infection really is when submitted to scientific investigation? The bacillian theory is open to two objections, either of which is necessarily fatal to it. In the first place, Koch's experiments did not warrant the inference that was drawn from them, because a potential factor was present which was not taken into consideration when that inference was drawn. That factor was chest reduction. The animals used in these experiments were kept confined, and, strange to say, Koch himself noted that if they were kept too long they became consumptive without inoculation. And further, this theory is totally inadequate to account for all the known facts of the case. We have cases of consumption in which no bacilli are found either during life or post mortem. Our consumptive hospitals are not centres from which this disease spreads. Consumption does not attack either the medical or nursing staff of these institutions. This baseless hypothesis is the theory of despair. How long is it to stand in the way of a truly scientific one which holds out the certainty of recovery?—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

G. W. HAMBLETON, Physician.

Dorchester-place, Blandford-square.

THE CORK BAND AT THE IRISH EXHIBITION.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SECRETARY.

AT this season of the year the purely political journalist is fated to feed on trifles. Events which otherwise would pass unnoticed are at the present moment invested with the greatest importance; a molehill becomes a mountain; and the refusal of an Irish band to play "God save the Queen" attains the dimensions of a national insurrection. For a week everybody has been discussing the conduct of the Cork Barrack-street band: the Radicals have patted them encouragingly on the back, while the Unionists and Tories have seen in their conduct still more conclusive reasons for withholding Home Rule. At one time it seemed almost as if the controversy instituted by the *Standard* and the *Times* would rival that of the *Daily Telegraph*. Matters are settling down somewhat now: the offending band has concluded its engagement, and is *en voyage* to Cork to-day. Before leaving, however, the secretary, Mr. Doolan, accompanied by three or four members of the band, called at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, and gave our representative an account of what actually occurred. The conversation which took place was as follows:—

"It is quite true that we refused to play 'God save the Queen' on last Monday evening," said Mr. Doolan. "We refused to play the 'British Army Quadrilles' on the morning of the same day, but that was not for any political reasons. These quadrilles require in addition to the music certain evolutions of a military character. We could play the music of course, but being civilians we could not supply the necessary action. We did not choose to give the public an imperfect rendering of the piece, and hence our refusal."

"Yes; but why refuse to play 'God save the Queen'?"

"Why? Do you not know that every emissary of the Castle uses your National Anthem to insult the Irish people? Do you not know that British soldiers have been ordered to march through the streets of an Irish town on a Sunday morning singing it? No opportunity is ever missed of using it to annoy Irishmen. Our refusal was not meant as an insult to the Queen or to the English people; it was simply a protest against Balfourism in Ireland."

"Are you returning to Ireland on account of the fuss that has been made?"

"Certainly not. Our engagement came to an end on Saturday, and we should have gone home in any case. The Exhibition people, so far from resenting the action we took, have treated us with the greatest courtesy ever since."

"But you did not play on Saturday evening, as it was announced you would on the programmes?"

"No; and for this reason. The Exhibition people feared a row. You must remember that there are several Orange societies in London; and it was rumoured that an organized attack would be made upon us late at night. We ceased playing at five o'clock, therefore, our place being taken by the Artain Industrial Band, which arrived earlier in the day."

"Your refusal to play 'God save the Queen' was taken on your own responsibility, of course?"

"Entirely on our own responsibility. It is absolutely false to say that we were acting under the direction of the National League, or that of any similar body. We should have been thoroughly ashamed of ourselves if we had played the air as ordered. The bandmaster, Mr. Brady, is a Protestant, and is quite blameless in what has occurred. He is paid a salary to teach us and to conduct, and he merely carries out our instructions. You see what all the Unionist talk about religious intolerance on the part of the Irish Catholics really amounts to. We don't care what a man is; we claim liberty of conscience and the right to think as we choose, and we concede that same right to everybody else. Mr. Brady is a Protestant; but we respect him, and would not part with him on any account."

"I notice it was said that Mr. Edward Harrington was present and approved of your conduct?"

"That is not true," said Mr. Doolan. "Mr. Harrington was present earlier in the evening, but he left quite half an hour before the little episode occurred."

"Was there anything like a quarrel when you refused?"

"Oh dear no. When Mr. Cagyl, the managing director, put the question to me, I politely but firmly said no. 'You are in England now,' he said; 'if you went to New York you would play "The Star Spangled Banner."' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'and "Yankee Doodle" as well. Or if we were in France, I would play "La Marseillaise." These nations have always been friendly to us; and when England ceases to make war upon us, we shall be happy to join in the English National Anthem as well as in those of other nations. So the incident terminated."

"Have you played anywhere besides at the Irish Exhibition?"

"On Saturday evening we played at the South Kensington Radical Club, and were most cordially received; in fact, we have been almost overwhelmed with invitations. On Sunday we joined the Marylebone Hibernian and Radical Club in their annual excursion to St. Leonards."

"You had no idea that so much fuss would be made over your action, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest. It was a very simple affair. We refused to play 'God save the Queen,' and gave our reasons for the refusal. There was an end of the matter. The story got afloat next day, and several pressmen called to make inquiries. Some facts were no doubt picked up by them, but much of their matter was invented. I look upon the affair simply as a Unionist dodge of a character with which we are perfectly familiar in Ireland. We return to our native country feeling assured that we have the entire sympathy of the Irish and English democracies. What more can we want?"

At Home and Abroad.

Mr. Gladstone has consented to receive a deputation from the Liberal Associations in East Denbighshire and Wrexham boroughs to welcome him to Wrexham on the occasion of his visit to the National Welsh Eisteddfod, to be held in that town next week. He will speak in reply to the resolution of the associations which will be handed to him.

A meeting of the local defence committee of Newcastle-on-Tyne was held yesterday, in which the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Armstrong, and Lord Ravensworth took part. It was unanimously decided that if the Government would provide the requisite material, the town would furnish the men to make the river absolutely impassable to a foreign cruiser.

Mr. Manton, who was for nineteen years United States Consul at Colonia, Uruguay, says that the recent emancipation of slaves by Brazil was simply a sop to a large number of the southern provinces of the empire. The inhabitants of these provinces are ripe for revolution. It is likely that as soon as Dom Pedro dies a concerted effort will be made to overthrow the throne and declare a republic in Brazil.

Lady Dufferin will open Lady Aitchison's hospital in Lahore in November.

It is announced at Rome that the British India Navigation Company have chosen the port of Massowah as a halting-place between London and Zanzibar.

The Catholic papers in Rome last night published the Papal Encyclical to the American bishops.

An Italian gentleman, named Fantapie, secretary of an Italian benevolent society, has been expelled from Nice on a charge of espionage.

The Head of the Franciscan Order has memorialized the Pope in favour of the beatification of Joan of Arc.

In Madras a native sub-judge has been convicted of bribery and sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 1,000 in each case.

There has been a small fall of the Nile at Wady Halfa of an inch and a half in twenty-four hours, probably indicative of a coming rise.

The death is announced of M. Greppo, formerly a deputy for Paris, and one of the most prominent leaders in 1848.

The German Emperor went yesterday to Dresden to visit the King of Saxony, with whom he drove through the city, which was gaily decorated. A loyal address was presented by the burgomaster on behalf of the inhabitants.

Count Kalnoky has returned to Vienna, but nothing has been permitted to be made known respecting what took place at the recent interviews of the statesmen representing the allied Powers.

The French Mobilized Squadron and the Mediterranean Squadron, lying in the Hyères Roads, were inspected yesterday by the Minister of Marine. The naval manœuvres are to commence next week.

Nine fresh cases of yellow fever and two deaths occurred at Jacksonville on Sunday. The total number of cases which have occurred since the outbreak is 100, and sixty-four cases are now under treatment.

Arrangements have been completed in Baltimore for a meeting of Irish citizens on Thursday next to endorse the course pursued by the President in regard to the Fisheries question.

A large party, over three thousand persons, members of the Whitechapel and District Liberal and Radical Associations, with their wives and families, had an excursion yesterday to Epping Forest.

Owing to the capsizing of boats competing at the Dover and Tenby regattas yesterday afternoon, great excitement prevailed at both places; but the immersed crews were happily brought safely to shore.

The death is reported from Gwalior of the President of the Council of Regency. He was Prime Minister under the late Maharajah, and on his death was promoted President.

It is stated that the American Government will not take any action to prevent Canada from shipping her products in bond through United States territory for export from American ports, unless Congress should authorize such a step.

It is reported that the Indian Government have decided to send a punitive expedition against the Black Mountain tribes in October. The necessary plans have been prepared at headquarters. The force would consist of about 7,000 men.

The Indian Government has been requested by the Secretary of State to submit a detailed scheme for the reorganization of the Presidencies' command. It is believed that the recommendation to abolish the appointments of Commander-in-Chief of Bombay and Madras will be carried into effect.

Another well-known Communist orator, M. P. M. Cénac, died suddenly on Sunday night at a meeting held in the Cité Lacharrière. M. Cénac was knocked about a good deal at the funeral of "General" Eudes, and it is believed that the injuries he then received hastened his death.

An immense number of persons visited the new racecourse which was opened at Leopardstown, near Dublin, yesterday, and so great was the crush on the road from Foxrock station to the enclosed ground that several persons were injured.

A labourer named Thomas John Healey, residing in Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, was remanded at Greenwich police-court yesterday, on the charge of having caused the death of his wife. After a quarrel with her husband, the woman was found on Saturday night lying across the bed dead. It was said that the prisoner had been drinking.

An inquest was held yesterday in St. Pancras as to the death of a little girl, who, shortly after eating some ice cream bought at a stall in the street, was taken ill and died. According to medical evidence the primary cause of death was eating this ice cream, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect, and recommended that the sanitary authorities should have stuff of this sort analyzed.

A labourer named Arthur Brown was charged yesterday before the Kingston County Bench with poaching, and was remanded until another poacher, John Brown, should be able to attend. Two gamekeepers captured the men early on Sunday morning, and John Brown knocked one of the keepers down, upon which the other keeper shot him in the leg. The man, who was taken to the Surbiton Cottage Hospital, is said to be seriously injured.

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MR. SIMMONS'S LAST TRIP.

THE INTREPID AERONAUT KILLED.

INCIDENTS IN AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

THE WEEKLY ASCENTS FROM OLYMPIA.

Yesterday evening about six o'clock, Mr. Simmons, the well-known aëronaut, while descending in his balloon at Wickham Bishops, near Witham, Essex, met with an accident which resulted fatally a few hours later. Mr. Simmons was accompanied by two gentlemen named Meyers and Field, the latter of whom received a compound fracture of the thigh, and the former, although rendered unconscious for a time, escaping, apparently, without any serious injury. On each Monday for some weeks past balloon ascents have been made by Mr. Simmons from the grounds of the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, and recently a determination has been expressed to complete an aërial journey to Vienna, a fee of five guineas being asked from those who wished to accompany Mr. Simmons in his attempts to reach that city.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FATAL ONE.

The ascent yesterday was made about four o'clock. Mr. Simmons was unusually active, and directed every movement. The two passengers took their seats in the car, which was made of iron wire; sandbags were deposited in the bottom; a carpet bag was handed in, then coats and cork jackets. Mr. Simmons was the last to take his place, and he seemed somewhat flurried. He called loudly for his wraps, which were handed to him; then he bade the soldiers cast off the sandbags, and hold on to the ropes. The balloon leaped up a few feet, the soldiers holding on to the long guiding ropes. It rolled to and fro; Mr. Simmons was yet in doubt, and directed the men to carry the balloon some twenty yards. Then he called for another bag of sand; the buoyancy of the balloon was again tested, but the result did not satisfy the aëronaut. He called for another bag of sand, and, before it was brought, added sharply, "How long are you going to keep me waiting for that bag?" A soldier lifted the bag, and Mr. Simmons took it from him. This appeared to satisfy him; he threw off the ropes, which two lines of men still grasped in their hands, and the *Cosmo* started on her last aerial voyage. As the balloon rose, Mr. Simmons waved a white handkerchief. There was a clear sky, and the course of the balloon could be seen for nearly twenty minutes after it left the earth.

THE CATASTROPHE.

There was a strong south-west wind blowing, and it appears to have been a most enjoyable trip until the aëronaut decided to descend. The locality was everything that could be desired for descending, and everything seemed all right until the grappling irons caught in one of three elm trees, and Mr. Simmons endeavoured to come to earth outside them. The balloon unfortunately came down with a bump, and in going up again struck a tree violently. The silk burst with a loud report and became detached from the car, which again came to the ground with such terrible force as to smash it almost to atoms. Several persons who witnessed the unfortunate descent were quickly on the spot. Mr. Gutteridge, surgeon, of Maldon, soon arrived and pronounced Mr. Simmons's case hopeless, the base of the brain being fractured. As previously stated, Mr. Field sustained a broken thigh, but Mr. Meyers escaped with a severe shaking. Mr. Simmons lingered unconscious until nine o'clock, when the doctors pronounced life to be extinct, the cause of death being concussion of the brain. One who saw the accident says:—The balloon exploded loudly, about fifty feet from the ground. The car fell and rolled over and over with the occupants until Mr. Simmons was so cut as to be almost beyond recognition.

PREVIOUS AËRIAL VOYAGES.

Mr. Simmons has on more than one previous occasion successfully crossed to the Continent, and, singularly enough, in these journeys he has almost always selected as his starting-point Maldon, only three miles from the place where yesterday he met with the accident resulting in his death. In March, 1882, he started from Maldon with Colonel Brine, and then, owing to the collapse of his balloon, narrowly escaped drowning in mid-Channel, being rescued with his companion by a passing vessel. Later in the same year he successfully crossed from Maldon to Arras, and in the following year, accompanied by Sir Claude de Crespigny, he succeeded in descending safely at Oudekerk, near Flushing. In 1883, also, he crossed with Mr. Smale from Hastings to Cape La Hogue. Another balloon trip taken by Sir Claude de Crespigny, whose residence is also close to the scene of yesterday's mishap, with Mr. Simmons was unfortunately attended by an accident, Sir Claude breaking his leg in the descent.

VINCENT DE GROOF'S FATE.

Apart from ordinary balloon ascents, Mr. Simmons took great interest in parachutes and flying machines. One of his own invention was tried in 1874. It is said to have carried some sand bags about 100 ft. high and then to have fallen. It was again tried in 1875 and again failed. Mr. Simmons was in charge of the balloon in which on the 9th of July, 1874, the Belgian "Flying Man," Vincent de Groof, ascended from Cremorne Gardens to test the powers of his parachute, with which he claimed to have made a successful descent of over 400 ft. in Essex during the previous month. The experiment was fatal to De Groof, whose apparatus on this occasion would not act, and who was dashed to pieces on the pavement of a street in Chelsea.

ACROSS THE GERMAN OCEAN—17,000 FEET UP.

One of Mr. Simmons's best known trips was made four or five years ago, when he crossed the English Channel and landed at Flushing in the "Colonel." On this occasion Sir Claude C. de Crespigny accompanied him in the car. They started at one o'clock, crossed the German Ocean, and performed an aërial voyage of at least one hundred and forty miles within six hours. The travellers alighted without difficulty and in perfect safety.

The following is an account of this voyage from Mr. Simmons's own lips:—

"Before we made a start at Maldon several pilot balloons were launched, in order to ascertain which direction we were likely to take. These pilots indicated several currents at a low altitude; but as at the moment of starting the wind gave me a good deal of trouble, I found it necessary to leave the ground with great ascending power, and every attempt made to utilize currents would have been at the expense of gas or ballast. We had a desire to cross the German Ocean, therefore every ounce of ballast and every foot of gas had to be cautiously used. We had not much time to enjoy the glorious panorama ere we found it necessary promptly to discuss the propriety of attempting to reach Holland or Belgium Fortunately the atmosphere over England was clear. The start was made at eleven o'clock. We kept nearly over the middle of the Blackwater. At 1.20 we were over Bradwell, at 1.30 just passing over the shores of Essex. Taking our bearings, we are going straight for Rotterdam.

WE CAN HEAR OUR HEARTS BEATING.

"2.30.—I have not yet spent an ounce of ballast or touched any valve. Altitude at this moment 10,000 ft. Our feet are cold. We appear to be overhauling a mist to the south-east. At 2.55 we are enshrouded in the mist, and can see nothing but ourselves and our balloon. A few minutes later we have a magnificent picture of the balloon on the cloud. We can see our *vis-à-vis* doing everything exactly as we do, even to the fingers hauling the ropes. The grappling cable which I have let out is distinctly reproduced. I call Sir Claude's attention to this apparent ligature. He cannot see it where he is sitting, but on coming to my side he sees the rope as distinctly as I do. My blue serge suit looks now quite green, and continues so for many minutes. The atmosphere is a very deep blue above us. The gas in the balloon is perfectly clear, and the great dome, with its gores and diamonds, has a very solid and assuring appearance. Everything is in perfect tranquillity. We can hear the beating of our hearts very distinctly. Our ears are occasionally blocked, but we remedy this by widely opening our mouths.

"At 4.30 we think there is a slight sound as of surf. We are very slowly descending, and at 4.40 emerge on the under side of the clouds, and can see something looking like a coast-line to the south-east. We are still on the same course we started with. At 4.50 we have approached near enough to find that our imaginary coast-line is a long sweep of shoal, but it encourages us to think that we have passed mid-ocean. Another long line of shoal now appears.

THE GRANDEUR OF CLOUDLAND.

"5.10.—Two steamers are distinctly visible, both going westward. 5.50.—Sir Claude cries: 'Look there: Is that another shoal?' We discuss this matter with much interest. Sir Claude cannot believe it is anything but mainland. I soon begin to think the same, but it continues for a long time very indistinct, and as I look very fixedly at it for some minutes it appears to alter its shape, and I conclude it can be nothing but a streaky cloud. Instead of increasing in distinctness this long sweep now grows a little more dim, and at the same time we have other indications which make us think we have changed our course. Now for some manœuvring to try and find out whether a sudden increase of altitude has changed our course. Sir Claude says two or three times that he does not despair of the streak turning out to be land. His distant vision was more distinct than mine. At 6.10 we are both perfectly satisfied that we are in view of the coast to the East. The sun had been for some minutes deeply shrouded, but he peeped between the clouds, and under the influence of his rays the balloon instantly shot upwards with fearful rapidity. Sir Claude said, 'Do you not smell gas escaping?' but I did not, and had it not been for this safeguard of his the consequences might have been serious. In a few seconds we were over a vast area of what looked like mountains of snow, solid enough to walk on. The grandeur of this scene it would be utter folly for me to attempt to describe. Not the slightest movement could be detected in any part of this vast cloudland. Every mountain peak seemed to stand there fixed for ever. The temptation was too great to go down and leave this grandeur, until the greater temptation came, the positive sound of surf immediately beneath us. I now opened the valve; we rushed downwards with great rapidity.

DOWN AGAIN TO FLUSHING.

"A few seconds were sufficient to bring us down from our highest position, seventeen thousand feet, low enough to have spread before our delighted vision the beach of Walcheren Island, on the north side of the Scheldt River, and the main land of Holland shutting us into the south. We had already passed the mouth of the Scheldt. I considered we were now safe enough, and I sketched the Walcheren, with the town of Flushing just beneath us. The people were now hailing us lustily from all points. The balloon was brought down splendidly at Flushing, the grappling iron taking a firm grip in a ditch surrounding a wheat field."

DOUBLE EXECUTION AT BIRMINGHAM.

The two men Jones and Daniels, who were sentenced to death at the recent Birmingham assizes, the former for the murder of a child of a married woman with whom he had been living at Aston, and the latter for the murder of a girl, named Hastings, whom he had been courting at Birmingham, were executed this morning at eight o'clock at the borough gaol. Berry was the executioner. The scaffold was erected in a small outbuilding in front of the southern wing of the gaol, and not more than thirty yards from the cells which the men have occupied. The platform was level with the ground in the centre of a small brick-walled apartment. Shortly before eight Berry visited the cells and pinioned both men. The convicts walked firmly and without the slightest assistance to the scaffold.

According to a Birmingham correspondent the scene on the scaffold as described by eye-witnesses was of an unusually painful nature. Jones struggled for fully four minutes and his death agonies were terrible to witness. Two minutes after the drop fell he raised his feet a distance of eight or ten inches, and even four minutes after his chest heaved convulsively several times his fingers twitched, and his head gave spasmodic jerks.

"SCORN AND OBLOQUY" UPON THE *P.M.G.*

Yesterday afternoon a contingent of Socialists with the red flag marched to Clerkenwell-green, accompanied by six mounted policemen and several men of the G and F divisions on foot. At the pump a halt was made, and a woman with a strong foreign accent was elected to preside over the meeting. This lady gave her name as Johanna Lähr, and, after addressing a few words to the multitude of 300 or 400 persons, introduced another speaker whose name would not be given. This gentleman, who said he had experience in Millbank Prison, as also in the workhouse, stated that he preferred the former place to the latter, and called upon the working men to combine against the capitalist classes. He begged of those who formed the demonstration of the unemployed to keep within the bounds of the law and not to assault the police. These demonstrations of the unemployed would be continued every day, notwithstanding the advice of some of their so-called friends in the press. He heaped, says a morning contemporary, scorn and obloquy upon the *Pall Mall Gazette* for what he considered the cowardly advice of that journal respecting the meeting in Hyde Park.

FOURTH EDITION.

LATEST ABOUT THE BALLOON DISASTER.

CONDITION OF THE INJURED.

A telegram from Maldon this morning states that the two gentlemen, Messrs Myers and Field, who accompanied Mr. Simmons on the fatal trip yesterday, are both lying at the King's Head Inn, where they were removed after the accident. They are progressing as favourably as can be expected. The disaster has caused considerable excitement in the locality.

Mr. Pulman, secretary of the Balloon Society, in an interview with a representative of the Central News this morning, said: "I filled Mr. Simmons's balloon for him yesterday, and was present at the start. I put the car on myself, and saw that the proper amount of ballast and sundries were put in. I also worked the valve and saw that it was in proper order. The grapnel irons and ropes were of the very best material, and Simmons told me before starting that he intended to cross the North Sea, the wind being favourable. So far as the accident is considered I do not think it would have happened if Simmons had had a basket car, which would have rebounded from the tree.

Other particulars of the disaster appear on page 7.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

BULGARIA AND TURKEY.

SOPHIA, August 27.—The journal *La Bulgarie* publishes a long article upon the subject of administrative reforms in Macedonia, showing the necessity for carrying them out as much for the sake of Turkey as for that of her subjects, and thus avoiding, as far as possible, pressure from abroad. The article continues:—

The Bulgarians remaining in Macedonia, whose rights are not recognized and whose liberties are trodden under foot in defiance of the provisions of treaties, though unwilling to alienate themselves from their Sovereign of necessity, cast their eyes towards the principality. Bulgaria, Macedonia's sister country, is, however, too deeply engaged in the development of her internal affairs to propose the union of Macedonia with the principality. She is still too young, and feels the necessity for waiting until she has attained her political maturity.

The article then proceeds to refer to the situation of the Armenians in Turkey, and asks:—"Why not frankly take the initiative for the formation of a great and free Bulgaria on the one part, and an autonomous province of Armenia on the other, granting to the inhabitants national institutions, and assuring their well-being, at the same time profiting by this division to consolidate the Khalifate in Islam?"

THE GERMANS IN WEST AFRICA.

BERLIN, August 28.—The *North German Gazette*, referring to-day to the announcement from Accra of the German occupation of Addelar, states that there was no military expedition, but merely a party under Staff-Surgeon Wolf for the exploration of the country beyond Togoland. The expedition reached Addelar in May last. Dr. Wolf established a scientific station at the place, with the object of facilitating his researches. The semi-official journal adds that there is no ground for the apprehension of disturbance to English trade which is entertained at Accra, inasmuch as the trade route between Accra and the interior lies along the course of the Volta river and does not approach the Addelar district.

GENERAL BOULANGER.

PARIS, August 28.—General Boulanger has refused to come forward as Senatorial candidate for the Department of the Haute Vienne.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL LADIES AT GMUNDEN.

GMUNDEN, August 28.—The Empress of Russia on arriving at the station here yesterday evening was received by the Duchess of Cumberland and the Princess of Wales with her daughters, accompanied by their respective suites. The Imperial and Royal party, on leaving the station, drove to the Villa Cumberland, being respectfully greeted by the people assembled in the streets. It is stated that the Emperor Francis Joseph will arrive here on a visit shortly.

THE WORK OF THE IRISH LAND COURTS.

A summary of proceedings under the Land Law (Ireland) Acts, 1881 and 1887, up to the 31st of July last, and also of proceedings under the Labourers (Ireland) Acts, 1885-6, and under the "Purchase of Lands (Ireland) Act, 1885," has been published as a parliamentary paper. In the court of the Irish Land Commission the applications under the Land Law Act to have fair rents fixed in court to June 30, 1888, numbered 161,499, and in the month of July, 1888, there were 203; total, 161,702. There had been 6,966 applications to have fair rents fixed in court transferred from civil bill courts; 23,017 applications by leaseholders under the Land Law Act of 1887, and 192,304 applications by leaseholders to have their cases transferred from the civil bills courts. 1,314 rents had been fixed by the Chief Commissioners; 96,698 by the Sub-Commissioners; 1,485 had been dismissed or struck out by the Chief Commissioners, and 23,662 by the Sub-Commissioners; 10,992 cases had been withdrawn, and the total cases disposed of were 134,141. There had been 90,217 agreements out of court.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A SPANISH GENERAL.

The death is announced of General Riguelme, formerly Captain-General of Cuba, Granada, and Catalonia. The general died at Barcelona, and strange rumours (says a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*) have begun to circulate as regards the cause of his death. Some assert that the general died from the effects of a wound received a few hours previously, in a duel, and that his adversary was a deputy and well-known man, and that he too was wounded. The duel seems to have arisen out of a dispute about a lady. The general was seventy years of age. The mystery of his death has greatly agitated political and society circles in Madrid. But probably it will never be solved, because, although the Spanish law punishes duelling, the authorities and judges always shut their eyes to the offence when it is provoked by affairs of honour.

SUICIDE OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

John Cross, aged eighty-six, an extensive owner of house property in Holbeach, hanged himself last night in a hovel. The deceased had been threatened with legal proceedings to recover £100, which he said would ruin him. This preyed upon his mind, and, as it is supposed, led to his committing suicide.

THE SURBITON MURDER AND SUICIDE.

THE PAST CAREER OF THE MURDERER.

The terrible crime committed at Surbiton on Sunday night, when Major Hare, a retired army officer, was shot dead by his son Gordon Hare, who then committed suicide by shooting himself, has created great sensation in the district. Major Hare, who was seventy-three years of age, had been a resident of Surbiton for many years, and had for a considerable time past been estranged from his son, owing to the young man's habits. Although many persons were passing at the time of the murder, no one seems to have heard any words pass between the father and son. The bullet from the first discharge entered the major's left collar-bone at its junction with the breast-bone, and, after severing several large blood-vessels, remained buried in his body. Dr. Owen Coleman, of Surbiton, who was passing at the time, was at the gate when the second shot was fired, and at first thought it was intended for him. Almost before he could realize what had taken place, there was a third discharge, and the son fell down in the porch at the top of the steps leading to the front door. The medical gentleman mentioned proceeded at once to Major Hare, but found he was dead. The son, who showed signs of life, and who held a revolver in his right hand, was at once removed across the road to the Surbiton Cottage Hospital, where it was discovered that he had discharged the revolver into his mouth, and that the bullet had penetrated and remained imbedded in his brain. Some brandy was administered to him, but he died in a few minutes. Upon being searched some cartridges, together with a small sum of money, were found on him.

Major Hare had for several years gone in bodily fear of his son. In November, 1885, the persecution of the latter became so intolerable that his father charged him on a warrant in consequence of his threats. The evidence of the father on that occasion was to the effect that during the previous five or six years, his son had spent several thousand pounds, and had been a source of trouble to him and his family. He believed that his son only landed from America on the previous Friday, and, although he had been told over and over again that he had no claim upon his parents, he persisted in calling at their residence and creating a scene. Two days before the son appeared before the magistrates, he went to 13, St. James's-road, and threatened to put a bullet through his father's brain. In default of finding sureties he was imprisoned for three months, and when released it is alleged that he openly repeated his threats. When arrested on the occasion in question a revolver was found on him, and he used some violence towards the police. Since then he had been out of the country, but, on one occasion at least, had returned to annoy his father, who again took out a warrant against him, but, the son promising to leave the country, the case did not come before the justices. He must have returned to England recently, and on Sunday again paid a visit to Surbiton, with the tragic result already reported. It is stated that the son was an accomplished young fellow, and could speak four or five different languages, but that for some years he had lived a very wild life in Mexico.

M. FERRY ON THE "ENTERPRISES OF ADVENTURERS."

At an agricultural gathering at Gérardmer, in the Vosges, yesterday, M. Jules Ferry delivered a speech in which he said:—

Gentlemen, you have not only to secure the growth of the agricultural crop. You men of the fields, stubborn in toil, on whom rests the burden of the day, you should be the guardians and disseminators of just, true, and healthy ideas, because you are the guardians of the frontier. You will not allow yourselves to be intimidated, dazzled, or deceived by these unscrupulous men, supported by funds of which no one knows the source, and you will remain firm in your loyalty as men of the Vosges. You did not found the Republic in order to expose it to new trials. You are not among those who call out "Revision, dissolution, Constituent Assembly," at the risk of exposing to the utmost danger the conquests made at the cost of such long struggles and so many sacrifices. You are the true defenders of the Government of your choice. If you have a fault to find with this Government it is perhaps that it does not make itself sufficiently felt, and if you should express a desire for revision it would be for the revision of these disastrous theories of *laisser faire* and *laisser aller*. What you would desire, I know, is a strong power, is governmental stability; and you would not lend yourselves to the enterprises of adventurers. You are men of honour and loyalty. If, as is possible, the miserable adventure which has just triumphed in three departments should be attempted in our country, if you should have the misfortune and the shame of seeing, under a flag which is called Republican, all the reactions grouped together, you would, with your energy of men of the Vosges, go and tear their masks from them, saying, "You are Clericalism; it was you who were, forty years ago, the snare and the *coup d'état*. Twenty years ago you were the *plébiscite*, the invasion, ruin, and dismemberment. Down with the masks, and "Vive la République!"

The speech was frequently and loudly applauded.

NEW THEATRE IN LIVERPOOL.

The new Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, was opened last evening by Miss Wallis and her company in "As You Like It." The house, which has been built by Mr. Ellis Brammall, jun., a local timber merchant, is one of the handsomest in the kingdom; and when visited by the committee of magistrates they did not suggest an alteration of any kind, but congratulated the proprietor on its completeness. The house was crammed in every part, the performance being under the patronage and in the presence of the Mayor and other prominent citizens.

Mr. Barry Sullivan was, according to the last report, lying in the same critical condition—very low indeed.

The fund which is being raised by the *Freeman's Journal* for the purpose of enabling Mr. Pernell to fight the *Times* now amounts to close on £800.

The workmen's train from Bangor to Bethesda, on Lord Penrhyn's private railway to the slate quarries, was thrown off the line to-day by an obstruction. Several men were seriously injured, some, it is feared, fatally.

The Earl of Selborne has been suffering from nervous prostration. It is hoped that at an early day he will be able to remove to his country seat at Blackmoor, Hants.

The *Cambrian News* states that steps have been already taken with the object of securing the erection of a national memorial to the late Mr. Henry Richard at Tregaron, in Cardiganshire, his native place.

Daniel Cooke, a millwright, was fined £2 and costs at Blackburn yesterday for assaulting a young woman named Lang. The defendant followed her along the street, put his arm around her waist, and—kissed her.

The Rev. W. H. Palmer, who for nineteen years was rector of Bolder, near Sunderland, has, owing to increasing years, resigned the benefice. The reverend gentleman is in his eighty-seventh year. The living, which is of a gross value of £1,100 per annum, is in the gift of the Bishop of Durham.

PANIC AMONG NEAPOLITAN MOTHERS.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes from Naples:—"Incidents have occurred in Naples during the last few days which reminded us of what happened both here and in Sicily some thirty or forty years ago. A cry was raised then that 'Poisoners' were about inflicting a fearful suffering under the name of cholera. Suspected persons were hunted in the streets as though they were wild beasts, humanity in an active form was regarded as a crime, and benevolent persons prescribing or giving remedies to sufferers were in universal danger of becoming victims of popular fury. Many years have passed since then, yet under a different name very similar facts have occurred within the last few days. 'I rapitori di fanciulli' (the captors of children) has been the cry of alarm, and a perfect panic ensued. Mothers shut up their children in their houses. The doors of the infant and higher schools were besieged by crowds of weeping women looking for their children, and giving orders to the mistresses not to intrust them to any but trustworthy persons commissioned by the relatives. In spite of all efforts to disabuse the minds of the ignorant, the panic continued. There were not many children said to be missing, but where were they? As is always the case in such circumstances, reports were circulated by ill-disposed persons, sure to find believers among ignorant multitudes. Perhaps the panic was due to a certain extent to an order lately issued by the Government to the prefects of the kingdom to compile a statement of those who live forgotten in the streets, without houses or families. I am not surprised, however, at any amount of excitement in a city and province where the purchase and sale of human beings for the most degrading purposes, if not connived at, have not been suppressed far more rigidly than they have been. Thanks to international regulations, however, between Italy and the United States, this tremendous evil will be at least greatly checked—so far as regards those countries."

ACCIDENT TO AN AMBASSADOR'S SON.

Baron Constantine Bruek, son of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at the Quirinal, has met with a bad accident. He was visiting some friends at Dornbach, near Vienna, and in leaning over a balcony lost his balance and fell from the height of a first floor. He remained several hours unconscious, but the doctors are of opinion that he has sustained no vital injury. His father was at once summoned from his estate in Steiermarl, where he was spending his leave of absence.

SOME OF BENSON'S PLUNDER.

It will be remembered that about three years ago a mysterious burglary was committed on the premises of Granichstadten, the Austrian Court jeweller, in the Graben, Vienna. Twenty thousand pounds worth of jewellery was stolen, but the thieves were never discovered. The *Budapest Tagblatt* has now received a letter from New York alleging that some of the cases in which the property was contained have been found among the effects of the notorious Henry Benson, who lately committed suicide in an American prison. As Benson's speciality was swindling on a large scale rather than burglary, additional information about the discovery of the cases is awaited in Vienna with some impatience.

A CITY CLERK'S HOLIDAY AT HASTINGS.

A City clerk, named William Beates, in the employment of a firm of wholesale stationers, was arrested on the Parade at Hastings on Sunday in a singular manner. It is stated that on Saturday he was sent to the bank to cash a cheque for wages amounting to £50, and that he absconded. Nothing was heard of him until Sunday, when he was met at Hastings by a porter in the employ of the same firm, who had gone to the watering-place by an excursion train. The porter attempted to detain the clerk, but the latter resisted, and, as alleged, struck him a blow. A constable, who saw the assault, took the clerk into custody, and he was brought before the magistrates yesterday. The charge of assault was withdrawn, and the defendant was handed over to the City police. The sum of £44 was found upon Beates.

REPORTS OF CRICKET MATCHES.

THE AUSTRALIANS v. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES PAST AND PRESENT.

This match commenced yesterday on the United Service Ground at Portsmouth. Lord Harris won the toss, and commenced batting on a good wicket at twenty minutes to one. After four hours' play the innings closed for 241. For ten minutes' play the Australians made 22 for no wicket. The score:—

THE UNIVERSITIES.—First Innings.

Lord Harris, c Bonnor, b Ferris	52	G. W. Ricketts, c Lyons, b Trott	25
W. H. Patterson, c and b Ferris	34	Rev. R. T. Thornton, c M'Donnell, b Turner	14
W. N. Roe, b Turner	3	A. P. Wickham, not out	3
W. Rashleigh, l b w, b Turner	14	C. E. Currie, b Turner	4
H. Pigg, b Turner	0	Extras	0
P. J. T. Henery, c M'Donnell, b Boyle	35	Total	241
A. J. Thornton, b Turner	7		

AUSTRALIANS.—J. J. Lyons (not out), 17; J. J. Ferris (not out), 5—total, 22.

Play was resumed this morning, and at 1.15 the score was 123 for three wickets.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE v. SURREY.

The champion county yesterday played the return match with Gloucestershire on the College ground, Clifton. The home team went in first, but owing to the wonderful bowling of Lohmann and Beaumont they were all out after one hour's play for 33 runs—Lohmann taking seven wickets for 17 runs. Surrey in their first innings made 261 for seven wickets—Abel (not out), 94; Wood (not out) 11. The score:—

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—First Innings.

W. G. Grace, b Lohmann	0	Page, b Beaumont	6
E. M. Grace, c Bowley, b Beaumont	6	Peake, b Lohmann	0
Radcliffe, c Wood, b Lohmann	5	Woof, not out	0
Pullen, b Lohmann	2	Roberts, c Bowden, b Lohmann	2
Painter, c Abel, b Lohmann	1	Extra	1
Townsend, b Beaumont	7	Total	39
Brain, b Lohmann	9		

SURREY.—First Innings.

M. P. Bowden, c E. M., b W. G. Grace	26	Lohmann, b W. G. Grace	8
Abel, not out	94	Henderson, b W. G. Grace	2
K. J. Key, c Townsend, b Woof	27	Wood, not out	11
W. W. Read, c Townsend, b Woof	16	Extras	20
Read, c Peake, b W. G. Grace	26	Total	261
Shuter, b Townsend	31		

No play will take place till after luncheon, owing to the weather.

SUSSEX v. YORKSHIRE.

This match, which was commenced on the Sussex county ground yesterday, concludes the season of first-class fixtures of each county. The attendance was good throughout the day, and at its close each county had one innings—namely, Sussex, 95; Yorkshire, 115.

NOTTS v. MIDDLESEX.

When these teams met in London the Middlesex scored a hollow victory by an innings and 56 runs. Yesterday, Middlesex having won the toss, elected to bat, but having made 179 runs for five wickets, chiefly by the good batting of Messrs. Walker and O'Brien, they had to cease play owing to a heavy downpour of rain.

THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

HOME RAILWAYS AND FOREIGN STOCKS DULL.—AMERICANS FIRM.

There is a fair demand for money in the open market this morning but the inquiry is easily satisfied and the charge for short loans is no better than 1½ per cent. The discount rate is still called 2¾ per cent. for three months' bank paper, but transactions can be effected at a trifle below that figure. The market at the moment is awaiting the development of events, and although the tone on the whole is rather easier, there is no disposition to allow rates to fall away to any appreciable extent. It is true the Bank continues to receive small amounts in gold from Paris, but the demand for the Argentine Republic is still hanging over the market, while in a very short time now the market's resources will be trenched upon to a considerable extent in connection with the usual autumn outflow of currency to the provinces.

Operators in Stock Exchange securities are again occupied with the settlement arrangements, and there is little time or inclination to go in for fresh speculation. Markets generally are dull in the absence of support, and the majority of the movements are to lower prices. Home Government Funds remain inactive without feature of interest. In the Home Railway market the most active securities are those of the Underground lines, and the Deferred stocks of the Southern lines. The latter have been sold on the unfavourable weather, while District and Metropolitan have been bought. Foreign Government bonds are exceedingly quiet, and the variations are insignificant. There is nothing calling for special comment. American Railroads have improved in sympathy with higher New York quotations, and the report of a cessation of the cutting of rates in the West. The chief speculation is in Milwaukee and St. Paul shares, Northern Pacific Preference, and Union Pacific. Grand Trunk of Canada stocks have given way fractionally, but Mexican Railway issues have been bought on the traffic, which is more favourable than had been anticipated. The total take for the week was £16,500, an increase compared with the corresponding week last year of £2,600. Tinto Mining shares are dull, and Allsopp Brewery shares have been a little offered.

The Stock Market at New York yesterday opened firm, with good buying for foreign and home account, Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul and Philadelphia and Reading shares being the features. The tone continued strong, with Delaware and Lackawanna and Western Union Telegraph leading in the afternoon, and the market closed strong at nearly the best figures. Western reports of the cessation of the cutting of freight and passenger rates to St. Paul and Indianapolis assisted the upward movement.

The profits of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, excluding rentals and interest for July, are 973,621 dols., and the profits of the affiliated Coal and Iron Company for the same period are 107,270 dols. The amount of the 10 per cent. on coal mined added to the sinking fund for July is 55,319 dols. Compared with previous years the combined profits were: July, 1888, 1,080,891 dols.; July, 1887, 1,073,250 dols.; July, 1886, 626,221 dols.

The following are the latest changes compared with yesterday's closing:—

In Home Railways—*Risen*: Metropolitan 1¼, District ¾, Midland ¼, and Great Western ⅛, *Lower*: Brighton Deferred ⅝, South Eastern Deferred ¼, Caledonian, Chatham Ordinary, North British and North Eastern ⅛.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: Turkish Group 1 ¼, Greek 1881, Uruguay, and Portuguese ⅛, and Egyptian Unified ⅛. *Declined*: Egyptian State Domain and Hungarian Gold ⅛, and Peruvian 1872 1-16.

American Railroads.—*Risen*: Milwaukee and St. Paul ⅝, Norfolk and Western Preference ½, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage, Northern Pacific Preference and Union Pacific shares ⅜, Denver Preference, and Erie Second Mortgage ¼, Central Pacific, Lake Shore, and Philadelphia and Reading shares ⅛. *Fallen*: Erie shares ⅛.

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher*: Mexican Ordinary ¾, the Second Preference ¼, and Canadian Pacific ¼. *Fallen*: Grand Trunk Second Preference ¼, the Ordinary, First Preference, and Guaranteed ⅛, and South Austrian shares ⅛.

Kimberley Central shares are down ¼, Allsopp's Brewery shares ⅛, De Beers, and Imperial Ottoman Bank 1-16.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—The market opened quiet with a fair demand. Probable sales, 7,000 or 8,000. Spot prices steady. Futures one point down.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			Brighton (Ordinary)	140	2	London and County	84½	5½
Consols	103⅛	⅜	Do. A	123½	¾	Union of London	39	40
New Consols 2¾	99¼	⅛	Chatham (Ordinary)	22⅜	¾	London and West.	66	7
Reduced 3 p. c.	100⅜	1⅛	Do. Preference	100¼	¼	London Joint Stock	39	40
Local Loan Stock	103¼	¾	North Western	170½	¾	Nat. Prov. of Eng	43	4
New 2½ per. Cent.	95⅛	6¼	South Western	133½	6½	Stand. Bnk. S. Afric	43	9
India 3½ per Cent.	105⅛	5	Manchester & Shef.	67	9	MINES		
Do. 4½ p. c. Rus	69⅛	⅜	Do. A	35¼	6¼	Indian Consolidated	¼	⅛
Egyptian Guar.	101¼	2¼	Met. Consolidated	73¼	4¼	Mysore shares	3	¼
Met. Bd. Wks. 5½	113	⅛	Do. Land Stock	70½	1½	Ooregums	1 1 16	3 16
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	103	4	Do. District	34½	5	Cape Copper	3⅞	4⅛
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	109¼	10¼	Midland	133¼	½	Namaqua	2⅛	3⅛
Liverpool	111	⅛	North British	113½	16	Mason and Barry	9¼	⅛
FOREIGN STOCKS.			North Eastern	157¼	8¼	Rio Tinto	20¼	⅞
Argentine 6 p. c.	103	5	North Stafford	112	14	Montana £1 shares	1 9 16	11 16
Do. Hard Dols	69¼	¾	South Eastern	132	4	De Beers	20	⅛
Do. Treasury	97½	8½	Do. Deferred	105⅛	⅝	Kimberley Cent	30¼	¾
Austrian Gold	90	2	FOREIGN RAILWAYS.			TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.		
Do. Silver	66	8	Canada Pacific	53¼	9	Anglo-American	4⅜	1
Brazilian 1875	102⅛	3½	Cen. Pacific Shares	33½	¼	Do. Pref.	67	8
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4	Chic. Mil. and St. P	74⅞	5½	Direct Unit. States	9⅛	⅜
Do. Cedulas I	92¼	¼	Denver & R. Grande	19⅜	⅜	Eastern	12⅛	⅜
Chilian 4½ p.c. 1885	100	2	Do. Pref.	52	⅛	Ditto Extension	12⅛	13⅛
Costa Rica A	90½	1⅛	Illinois Shares	121½	2½	United Telephone	13⅛	⅛
Do. B	88⅛	9½	Lake Shore	99¼	⅛	Globe Teleg. Trust	6½	¼
Egypt. State Dom.	101¼	¼	Ohio & Mississippi	23½	4	TRAMWAYS, ETC.		
Do. Unified	84⅜	⅜	Louis. and Nash	61½	2	London Gen. Om.	205	10
Do. Preference	102⅛	⅛	Mex. Cen. Bonds	68½	9	London Street	12	14
Do. Daira Saniet	79¼	½	Do. Nat "A"	67	8	London Tramway	14	15
French 3 p.c. Rnts	82½	¼	Miss. Kan. & Texas	14	⅛	North Metropolitan	17⅛	18¾
Do. 4½ p.c. Rnts	103¼	4¼	N. Y. Cen. Share	111¼	¼	WATERWORKS.		
Greek 5 p.c. 1881	73⅛	¾	New York Ontario	16⅞	⅛	Chelsea Waterworks	254	9
Hung. Gold Rentes	82⅛	3⅛	Erie Shares	29¼	⅛	East London	197	202
Italian	95⅛	⅜	Do. Sec. Mort	101½	2	Grand Junction	124	8
Mexican Converted	39½	¾	Norfolk & West. Pre	54¼	5	Kent	269	74
Peruvian 5 p.c. 72	13⅜	¼	N. Y. P. & O. 1st M.	33½	9	Lambeth	253	63
Do. 6 p.c.	15	¼	North. Pacific Pref	60⅜	⅛	New River, New	347	52
Portuguese	64¼	½	Pennsylvania Sh.	55¼	6	Sthwrk. & Vauxhal	102	7
Russian 1873	97⅛	⅞	Phil. and Read. Sh	23½	¼	W. Middlesex	264	9
Spanish 4 p. c.	72⅜	3	Union Pacific Shares	61¼	⅜	GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.		
Turkish 1854	09	101	Wabash Preferred	27½	¼	Gaslight & Coke A	259	64
Group 1	24¼	¾	Do. Gen. Mort	44⅜	5½	Imp. Continental	206	9
Group 2	14⅞	15⅛	Grand Trunk Sh.	13	¼	South Metropolitan	315	20
Groups 3 and 4	24⅜	¼	Do. First Pref.	53⅞	9¼	Brush Elec. L. (£4 pd)	3	⅛
4½ p. c. 1871	86	½	Do. Second Pre	40¾	1¾	MISCELLANEOUS.		
5 p. c. Defence	96¼	¼	Do. Third Pref	22⅜	⅜	Allsopp	8⅝	⅜
5 p. c. Priority	82	4	Do. Guaranteed	66¼	7¼	Guinness and Co	315	17½
Uruguay Unified	72½	3	Mexican Ordinary	49⅛	⅞	Hutchkiss	8⅛	9⅝
Virginia Funded	43	4	Do First Pref	119½	20	Bryant and May	12⅜	⅜
U.S. 4½ p.c.	127½	8½	Ob. do. 2nd Pref	79¼	80¼	Spratt's Patent	9¼	⅛
BRITISH RAILWAYS.			Lombardo-Venetian	9⅛	⅛	P. and O. Steam	62	4
Caledonian	103½	¼	Varna 3 per cent	7⅝	½	Royal Mail Steam	59	61
Great Eastern	67⅛	⅜	Nitrate Railway	24⅜	5⅛	Nat. Discount Co.	11	½
Great Northern	113	19	BANKS.			Hudson's Bay	13¼	½
Ditto A	101	2	Alliance Bank	13½	14	Suez Canal	80	½
Great Western	144½	⅛	City Bank	20	1	E. & W. Ind. Docks	25	8
Hull and Barnsley	24¼	23¼	Consolidated Bank	7¼	8¼	London and St. Katharine	⅛	3
Lanc. and York	118	19	Imperial Ottoman	10⅛	¼			

THE TERRIBLE FIRE AT HAMBURG.

TWELVE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

A most destructive conflagration broke out in Hamburg on Sunday night on the Steinwärder, by which seven large old warehouses, constructed of wood, containing considerable quantities of cotton, sugar, rice, salt, saltpetre, wine, and many other articles of merchandise, were destroyed. Fully a quarter of a mile of houses are in ashes. The alleged cause of this tremendous fire was the explosion of a petroleum lamp used by some workmen engaged in colouring sugar with the assistance of spirit. So quick was the spread of the flames that several of the men only saved their lives by springing from the windows into canals. At 11 P.M., ten minutes after the outbreak, one could read print in the streets at a distance of two miles from the fire. Twelve lives are known to have been lost, and several persons were severely injured. The damage is estimated at a quarter to half a million sterling, of which more than half is insured in English offices. Had the wind changed nothing could have saved the shipping in the dock and harbour.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION.

The latest news from Sikkim, says the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* (dated August 26), states that the threatened Tibetan attack has been postponed in obedience to the divinations of astrologers and warnings from oracles. For the last few days the Tibetans have nightly crossed over the Tukola Pass, evidently with the object of reconnoitring our camp. From heavy reports heard in the Jalep direction it is presumed that the Tibetans have brought up cannon.

The two companies of the Derbyshire Regiment arrived after a most trying march from Padong, as they laboured under the disadvantage of continuous rain, and were compelled to use hired transport. There has been remarkably heavy rain, accompanied by wind. Several bridges have been carried away.

The news sent from Entchi by the loyal Sikkim people to Gnatong states that 15,000 Tibetans were under orders to advance from the Jalapla Pass. They were to start on the 21st or 22nd instant. The construction of a road from Pakyong to Gantok is being pushed forward, and a bridge is being built across the Rohri river.

The Tibetans refuse to negotiate for peace on any terms other than the complete and immediate retirement of the British troops from Sikkim. They appear quite confident of their ability to drive us out of Sikkim whenever they deem it opportune to put forth their strength.

THE BOMBAY GOVERNMENT AND MR. CRAWFORD.

"The Indian Government (says the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times*) has arrived at no decision as to the request of the Bombay Government for the Viceroy to appoint a special commission to try a Bombay civilian charged with bribery and corruption. The Bombay Government has perpetrated a lamentable blunder, and is now seeking to shirk the consequences by making a catspaw of the Indian Government. Lord Dufferin is hardly likely to feel grateful to Lord Reay for attempting to shift on him the very invidious responsibility which is entirely the disastrous result of over-hasty action and ill-considered judgment. He had received a severe lesson in the Wilson case, but has apparently proved himself quite incompetent to apply and profit by its teachings."

THE DRESS OF JAPANESE LADIES.

A number of eminent American ladies, headed by Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Garfield, have addressed an open letter "to Japanese women who are adopting foreign dress." The writers say that as Japan is rapidly taking rank with other nations of the earth in all that pertains to Western civilization, it is not strange that foreign innovations have at last reached woman and her attire. If the ladies of Japan have made up their minds to adopt Western female dress in its entirety it would be useless to urge them not to do so, but the writers of the letter are anxious that they should first know that those who have studied the subject hold that there is great need of improvement in certain particulars. From the standpoint of beauty, grace, and suitability (the letter goes on), Japanese dress, modelled after the best Japanese standards, is both elegant and refined, and it would take years for Japanese ladies to adapt to themselves and wear with equal grace a costume to which they are entirely unaccustomed. As to economy, European dress, with its ample skirts and trimmings, requires a large amount of material, and even if native stuffs are used the expense of the costume will be greatly increased, to say nothing of the change and expenditure in household furniture necessary if Western dress be adopted. Foreign carpets, chairs, and tables must be added to foreign dress and shoes, and Japanese household interiors, now held up to the world as models of grace, simplicity, and harmony, will have to be entirely remodelled. But it is to the relations of foreign dress to health that the attention of Japanese ladies is especially directed. Heavy skirts, dangerously close-fitting dress bodies, "the insidious custom of wearing corsets, far more direful in its consequences than the Chinese custom of compressing the feet of women," are all commented on; and all these observations are made "that Japanese ladies may be made aware of the dangers in such a course before adopting foreign dress, and that they may be led to stop and consider well before doing what will affect, not only their own health, but that of their sons and daughters."

COMPULSORY VACCINATION A FAILURE AT LUTON.

A discussion arose at a meeting of the Luton board of guardians yesterday on the subject of vaccination. A letter was read from the Local Government Board pointing out that of the 607 children whose births were registered in the Luton district in the period from July to December last year, 261 had not been vaccinated, and requesting an explanation. The vaccination officer, who was recently appointed, stated that he had been devoting his energies chiefly to clearing off back cases, which he had endeavoured to do without resort to prosecutions; but he found that he would now have to adopt that course. The chairman (Mr. W. Cook) said he was persuaded that the officer would not find his work facilitated by that means; while several guardians said they did not believe in vaccination, and would never sanction prosecutions. The vaccination officer for the Dunstable district remarked that he did not think summoning parties helped the matter at all. It was agreed that a reply should be sent to the Local Government Board to the effect that the guardians had no observations to make.

C. BRANDAUER and CO.'s Circular Pointed Pens write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded. Assorted sample box 6d., post free for 7 stamps from *C. Brandauer and Co.'s Pen Works, Birmingham.*

ARREST OF THE BROTHERS REDMOND.

Three arrests for alleged offences under the Crimes Act were made in Wexford yesterday. Mr. E. Walsh, proprietor and editor of the *Wexford People* newspaper, who has been mayor of Wexford several times, and who has also been imprisoned for political offences on several occasions, was arrested as he was entering the train for Dublin. He asked the police-constable who arrested him, could not the execution of the warrant be delayed for a week, as he was proceeding to Dublin to have an operation performed on his eye, which was decided to be immediately necessary in order to save his sight? The constable replied that he had no power to delay the execution of the warrant, and Mr. Walsh was then taken to the police barracks, where he was detained for four hours, apparently in order that he might be brought before the magistrate (Mr. Kennedy, R.M.) along with Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., and Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, M.P. A large force of police had been drafted into Wexford, and a considerable number of them proceeded on cars to Roslare, a few miles from the town, to arrest the Messrs. Redmond. When the three prisoners were brought before Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Walsh and Mr. J. E. Redmond were charged with taking part in an illegal meeting held on the 22nd of July at Scarawalsh in the northern part of Wexford county, being part of a proclaimed district, and that they did unlawfully take part in a conspiracy to compel Captain Thomas J. Walker not to let certain lands formerly in the hands of James Clinch. Both prisoners were admitted to bail, themselves in £500, and two sureties in £200 each. Mr. Walsh having repeated his statement as to the operation on his eye, and asked for a postponement for three weeks, Mr. Huggard, Sessional Crown Solicitor, who prosecuted, said the application was a most reasonable one, but it should be made at the petty sessions at Ferns on September 5. Mr. Wm. Redmond, M.P., was then charged by District Inspector Reilly, of Taghmon, that he did at Coolroe, on August 16, unlawfully incite T. Somers, J. Somers, &c., to resist and obstruct James P. Connors, deputy-sheriff, in the execution of his duty. Mr. William Redmond said that he felt the highest satisfaction in being prosecuted by Mr. Balfour, but he protested against being arrested and dragged through the country like a criminal by policemen, when a summons would have done as well. It could be only meant by Mr. Balfour to degrade them, but he did not believe it would do so. Mr. William Redmond was then admitted to bail, himself in £500, and two sureties in £200, to attend at Arthurstown petty sessions on September 6.

THE COST OF A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

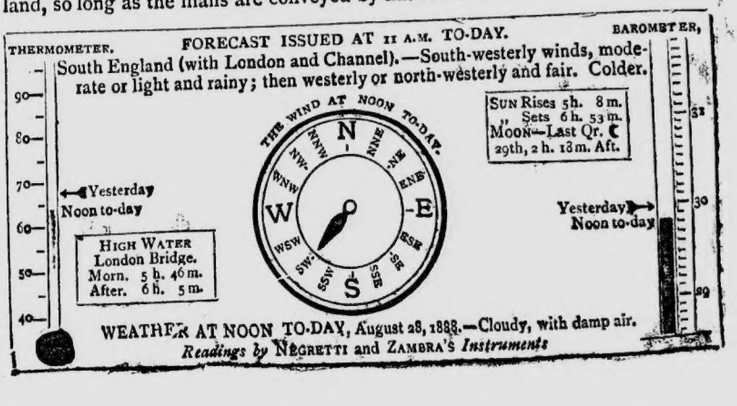
It appears from figures just published that the expenses of a presidential campaign in the United States are very heavy. The cost of an Assembly district in one of these campaigns is 7,000 dols., or for New York City about 250,000 dols. This is exclusive of the official election expenses, which amount to 290,000 dols. for the city and United States officials. A torchlight parade in New York averages 500 dols. per election district, or from 12,000 dols. to 20,000 dols. A large public meeting costs from 3,000 dols. to 4,000 dols. Chamberlain Ivins, in his work on the cost of elections in New York City, estimates the total of an average year at 700,000 dols., exclusive of personal expenses of candidates. Tammany and the County Democracy are reported to have spent together about 170,000 dols. to nominate Mr. Cleveland the first time. Mayor Hewitt gave his whole salary as mayor, amounting to 20,000 dols., to the party, and 4,000 dols. more, and in the Tilden campaign he contributed as much as 40,000 dols. The National Committee expect from 1,000,000 dols. to 2,000,000 dols., though Mr. Hewitt said it could be worked for 500,000 dols. on an economical basis. No National Committee ever published a balance-sheet of its expenditure. Taking all the expenses of all the States, it is roughly estimated that a presidential campaign costs the United States about 20,000,000 dols., or £4,000,000 sterling.

MR. BROWNING.

Mr. Robert Browning (writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) is at a retired mountain village in the Austrian Tyrol. He has now recovered his health and strength. Mr. Browning has his sister with him, his son and daughter-in-law. Mr. Browning will henceforth make Venice his headquarters. He has lately bought the fine palace, "The Rezzonico," one of the largest fronting the Grand Canal. This palace, with its marble frontage, its arched windows, and pillared balconies, is one of the most notable in Venice. The ceilings are covered with paintings of the date of the sixteenth century. Two statues attributed to Michael Angelo adorn the staircase. Candelabras of the finest art hang in the grand reception-rooms.

MACHINE GUNS FOR COAST DEFENCE IN INDIA.—The following number of machine guns will shortly be distributed for the purpose of coast defence in India:—Twelve have been sanctioned for Bombay, seven for the Hooghly, eight each for Kurrachee and Rangoon, and nine for Madras. For land defences—for Quetta, five; Bombay and Burmah, 24 each; Madras, three; Agra, Allahabad, and Benares, four each; Ferozepore, 16; Calcutta, six; Lahore, two; Peshawur, six; Rawul Pindi, ten; and Mhow, ten.

A POSTAL SERVICE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN PROTECTORATE.—It is notified that arrangements will shortly be completed for the establishment of a postal service, by native runners, between British Bechuanaland and Matabeleland *viâ* Bamangwato. Postal agencies are being opened at the undermentioned places:—Within the present limits of the Protectorate at Kanye, Molepolole (Secheli's), and Shoshong (Khame's). Beyond the present limits of the Protectorate at Tati and Gubulawayo (Lobengule's). No articles will be transmitted at book or parcel rates beyond Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, so long as the mails are conveyed by native runners.



Dr. Palliser's Patient.

By GRANT ALLEN.

XV.

I HURRIED her to the carriage, and lifted her in. Then I followed myself. "Drive, Alphonse," I said, "as hard as you can go, to the Gare de Lyon."

Adèle started. "The Nord, you mean," she murmured in correction.

"No," I answered simply. "I've changed my mind. I'll drive there afterward and get Noé myself to meet you. Circumstances have altered my plans greatly in the last few minutes. Do as I tell you and say nothing. Go to the Hôtel de France at Fontainebleau.

"Yes, George," she answered with childish acquiescence.

"You can trust me?" I asked.

"Dear friend, I know I can trust you anywhere."

XVI.

Three days later I read in the *Débats* the following paragraphs:—

"The mystery of the moment deepens daily.

"An autopsy just concluded upon the body of the unknown person discovered the day before yesterday in the Sentier des Mélèzes in the Bois de Boulogne only baffles still further all attempts to solve the problem of this singular affair. M. le Docteur Cauvet, of the Rue d'Aguesseau, who conducted the examination on behalf of the State, reports that the deceased died of a laryngeal hæmorrhage, resulting from excitement and undue hurry.

"Was it a murder?

"Was it a suicide?

"Neither the one nor the other.

"The evidence points to a different conclusion.

"Here is all we know for certain.

"Distinct traces appear upon the neck of a recent operation, such as is usual in severe cases of cancer in the throat.

"Nothing remarkable that: such instances are common.

"What is most curious, however, is the odd fact that an almost continuous scar girdles the neck, as though a ring of operations had at some recent period been performed all round it. This inexplicable circumstance has not unnaturally aroused the most absurd conjectures among the vulgar of the quarters and the quidnuncs of the boulevards. Let us limit ourselves, *nous autres*, to remarking alone the suspicious fact that the clothes of deceased, though English in style and fashionably cut, bore no tailor's name, and that his under linen—all new and of excellent quality—was unmarked even with a single initial.

"One thing more! The wound in the neck, quite closed outside, and thoroughly healed as it was, reopened internally. The unfortunate citizen bled to death. Medical authority attributes this strange effect to over-excitement causing the half-healed skin of the wounded larynx to burst from pressure on the capillary vessels. The *inconnu* had evidently been running rapidly.

"Anything further would at present be premature."

That more sensational print, the *Figaro*, commented thus with greater freedom upon the most remarkable feature in the strange occurrence:—

"This event, how unexpected, how mysterious, how singular!

"No wonder people are asking one another with hushed voices what means that curious circular scar round deceased's neck. Circular scars that gird a whole human throat, back and front, don't come by accident!

"No wonder, too, people are commenting curiously upon the resemblance of the mouth and eyes of deceased to those of that infamous Bosquet, the murderer of Duvernay, who paid the last penalty of his crime on the scaffold some weeks since at the Mazas prison. What a life, this Bosquet's—whose real name is said to have been Bernascon! Here, there, and everywhere, under a thousand disguises; the prince of criminals, the king of cutthroats, the wickedest of the wicked. Can we be surprised that the mobile world of Paris, astonished at his versatility, his crimes, his cleverness, his aliases, should refuse to believe at last he could sleep quietly even in the criminal corner at Père Lachaise?—should see in the mysterious corpse of the Bois de Boulogne his final avatar restored to life by medical skill or mediæval sorcery?

"Let us dismiss these conjectures—unworthy of the century in which we live! The guillotine does its work well. Bosquet, we know, was decently interred under the ordinary rules by the prison officials. The man of the Sentier des Mélèzes was an individual evidently some ten or fifteen years his junior. The complexion of the two personages was wholly distinct. And the age of miracles is past—in Paris!"

Still, as a mere measure of precaution against misconception, I never allowed Adèle to see these painful paragraphs. To this very day my dear wife remains firmly convinced that her former persecutor died in the Bois of an attack of heart disease, brought about by his own ungovernable temper.

XVII.

That evening, when I returned all on fire from Fontainebleau, whither I had gone to assure Adèle of that monster's death, Clairette met me with a mysterious face on the outer landing. "A gentleman desires to see you, monsieur," she said. "Oh, but a gentleman! so agitated! so excited! a perfect ogre! He's walking about in a frantic state, and wringing his hands like one possessed. One would say his wife and his children were all dying together. He's rung the bell half a dozen times at least, to ask with effusion when monsieur might be expected to return."

"Where is he?" I asked, suppressing my surprise.

"Here, monsieur. In the salon!"

She flung open the door. I entered, and saw before me once more—the man Beaumont, chief assistant to the Paris executioner.

He was disguised as before, though this time, of course, I knew him at once in spite of his disguise. But his face was white as a curd beneath his false whiskers.

"Hullo, sir!" I cried, as the callous wretch almost flung himself upon me in a pitiful ecstasy of abject terror; "well, what do *you* want here? I didn't expect you. I hoped I'd got rid of you and your master the other day for good and always!"

Beaumont sank down, unmanned, into a chair. "For mercy's sake, monsieur le docteur," he cried piteously, wringing his hands and bending his body, "save us, save us from this terrible dilemma!"

"Why, what on earth do you mean, my good fellow?" I exclaimed, almost laughing in spite of myself at the wretch's evident and craven terror. He, who would smile so cynically over another's death, stood aghast now at the terrible prospect of a short imprisonment for himself and dismissal from office.

"Monsieur," he answered, cringing and fawning before me, "haven't you heard the news? Haven't you read the papers? It's all over Paris that my principal and I have sold the corpse of *feu* Bosquet the murderer to some doctor or student, who has revivified the body, and then allowed it to kill itself by over-exertion in the Bois de Boulogne!"

I smiled sardonically—as he himself had smiled at me on the memorable morning of our first interview.

"Well, my friend," I answered coolly—for his craven fear chilled and steadied me. "*Rien de nouveau, ça!* We're not surprised. We both of us know it to be true, don't we?"

He cringed again. "But, monsieur," he hissed out with ashy lips, "the police will track it all down at last, and find out its truth, and deprive my principal and myself of our offices!"

I laughed him in the face for his utter abjectness. "Look here," I answered, pouring him out a glass of good brandy as I spoke; "drink *that* first, and calm your precious nerves. Now listen to reason. . . . Why, who do you suppose will ever find it out? Who do you suppose will ever believe such a cock-and-bull story as this of the *Figaro's*? . . . Are we in Paris or in Timbuctoo, I ask you? Are we in the nineteenth or in the fourteenth century? . . . What abject folly! What credulous nonsense! I refuse to believe your allegations myself. I know nothing at all about the matter. Don't try to bring it home to me, for I decline to admit anything you say. . . Let us be reasonable. The man Bosquet, the murderer of the gambler Duvernay, was duly guillotined in the Mazas prison. The operation, conducted by such skilful practitioners as yourself and your principal, must undoubtedly have severed the spinal cord. The spinal cord once fairly cut, no power on earth could possibly make that miscreant live again. The thing's preposterous. It's past belief. All medical science shows its absurdity. Observe—the spinal cord was severed. If you deny that fact, you convict yourself of professional incompetence. Are you really going to pin your faith on a miraculous and supernatural legend of the Boulevards?"

Beaumont's eye lighted up a little. "I see, monsieur," he answered, seizing my hand and kissing it, much to my disgust. "But still, Paris will have its say. Oh, monsieur, save us. Recollect, I too am the father of a family. I have three children!" And he threw himself into an absurdly pathetic attitude.

I reflected in silence that if they resembled himself society would be no great losers by their premature removal from the sphere of existence. But politeness deterred me from expressing my idea. I went on quietly, however, to still his alarms. "Remember, Beaumont," I said, "unless you yourself do anything foolish, anything imprudent, the story can never gain a particle of credence. . . . Dismiss your fears, and look the matter squarely in the face. . . . Bosquet was beheaded, and his body examined by two competent medical men, of whom I am one, both of whom pronounced life absolutely extinct. . . . He was buried, under your directions, in the usual manner, at Père Lachaise. . . . The certificate of death and the act of burial are both registered in the archives of the Etat Civil. . . . Nobody has raised any official demurrer. . . So there, you see, is an end of *him* at any rate. He's dead and buried! Exit Bosquet!"

"So it would seem, monsieur," Beaumont answered, humbly, still visibly tremulous.

"Very well, then," I went on. "Now let us take by contrast this other person whose body was discovered by the police under singular circumstances in the Bois de Boulogne. Let us admit for a moment, for argument's sake, that he was identical with a patient of mine, of the name of Bernascon—though nobody knows that name as his except myself. . . . This person, discovered in the depth of the Bois, does not really resemble Bosquet: he's younger and fresher, and he's close shaven. . . . But that's not all. . . . Except ourselves, nobody on earth has any evidence at all to connect the person found in the Bois de Boulogne either with *my* patient Bernascon, or *your* patient Bosquet. . . . Unless you choose to go and blab yourself, you can afford to laugh at this foolish rumour."

"You think so?" the headsman asked, tremulously.

"I'm sure of it," I answered. "In another week the rumour will be forgotten, and Paris will have found some new sensation or other to talk about and gossip over. . . . Now go, you unwise visitor. You should never have called here. Your disguise serves only to render your visit unsafe. You're a fool for your pains, and I'm sorry to see it. Go, and never come back here again. I guarantee you will never hear another word of the episode."

And as a matter of fact—the great fire on the Boulevard having distracted attention from our case next morning—from that day to this, nothing further has ever transpired about the so-called mystery of the Sentier des Mélèzes.

I abandoned my drug. I will never again attempt to restore life to one who has forfeited it to man or nature.

THE END.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT HOME.

Another interesting addition to the "Emperor Frederick literature" has been published in the current number of the *Preusischen Jahrbücher*, in which Professor H. Delbrück relates some of his experiences during the five years he was tutor to Prince Waldemar, the Emperor Frederick's youngest son, who, it will be remembered, died of diphtheria at the age of eleven:—

CORRECTED BY THE BUTLER.

It appears that the Crown Prince's household was simplicity itself, the midday meal being taken by the parents and children together, while those of their immediate surroundings were invited to take tea and spend the evenings with them. On one of these occasions the following little incident occurred. While they were at table the Crown Princess asked the butler, who was one of the oldest servants, and known to be very close-fisted, "Some weeks ago I ordered some Apollinaris water; I wish to try it. Has it not arrived yet?" The answer was given in a most respectful tone: "Your Imperial Highness, there is still so much soda and seltzer water in the house, which must be drunk before we begin the Apollinaris." The Crown Prince could not but join in the laugh at these remarks, but he said after a while, "If the Crown Princess gives you any orders, I must ask you to execute them."

TRUTH IN WHAT THE WORLD SAYS?

After the death of Prince Waldemar the Crown Prince and Princess went for the winter to Pegli in order to escape the festivities of the season at Berlin. Delbrück was at the time travelling in Italy, and called on the parents of his former pupil. He says: As the latest anecdote I told the Crown Princess the reasons which at Berlin were given for her stay abroad. "Would your Imperial Highness like to know why you are here?" I began my story. "Yes, I am curious to know." "Well, for one thing your Royal Highness has caused a railing to be put round one part of the garden of the new palace, a proceeding of which the Emperor does not approve, and has punished you by banishing you from Berlin. Then your Imperial Highness has caused a dairy to be opened in the Thiergarten, and as his Majesty the Emperor has not given his sanction to this plan, your Imperial Highness has had some very plain words with the Emperor, in consequence of which you are sent away. You have roused another conflict by demanding, after Prince Waldemar's death, that Prince Henry should return home without completing his tour round the world, and for that, too, you were banished. Lastly, if I may be permitted to say it, your Imperial Highness is suffering from a slight mental derangement, and is being treated in this place. "My word," said the Crown Princess, after the general laughter which followed these remarks had subsided, "to be sent away with husband and children to the most lovely spot on earth is a punishment which it is not hard to bear."

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AS AN HISTORIAN.

The Crown Princess's favourite studies were natural sciences, while the Crown Prince preferred history. Nor did he content himself with the study of other writers, for, according to Delbrück, he had undertaken a remarkable piece of work. I do not know with whom the idea originated to make the proposed Berlin cathedral at the same time a worthy mausoleum for the Royal house. The Crown Prince had taken up the idea with great enthusiasm. The burial-place of the Hohenzollerns was to be a memorial hall of German history. The soldier serving at Berlin, every Prussian coming to Berlin and looking at the graves of the Kings, was to be impressed with the wonderful course of the history of the country. In order to bring this about he thought of erecting a statue to every elector and king, on the pedestal of which personal characteristics of the ruler, the chief historical events of his reign, and the names of the districts added to the country during his reign, should be engraved. This idea the Crown Prince himself was working out, with the aid of all the literary works bearing on the subject, from Pauli up to Droysen and Ranke. Whenever a part of his work was ready, he sent it to several historians, Ranke, Dunker, Droysen, and others, asking for their criticism, etc.

"ALL IS PAST AND GONE."

After the Emperor's return from San Remo, at the beginning of the present year, Professor Delbrück saw him several times, and had two personal audiences, of which the last was given as late as June 3, while the first took place on March 26, the anniversary of the death of Prince Waldemar. Of these the Professor writes:—During the first audience I was for some time alone with the Empress; then the door opened and the Emperor entered, and I noticed with pleasure his quick elastic step. After having welcomed me he took a stool and sat down near the table, pointing to an arm-chair, on which I sat down. Once he got up to fetch a paper-pad, on which he wrote, but during the half hour he was in the room he sat erect, without leaning back, which gave me a favourable opinion of his state of health. One incident, however, showed that that opinion was far from correct. The Empress has told me how, in taking any decision, the Emperor was much oppressed by the knowledge that there was but a very slight chance of his ever carrying out anything he might commence. As this was a serious impediment to any ruler, it was necessary to try and suppress this idea. Seeing the truth of this remark, I took an opportunity to remind the Emperor of his former cathedral and mausoleum plans, and to express a hope that he would at once begin to execute these plans. For a moment the Emperor's eyes became red, and, with a look which cut me to the quick, he passed his hands over the paper before him, and wrote, "All this is past and gone." On June 3 Delbrück saw the Emperor for the last time at Friedrichskron. He sat in the little-pony carriage and drove slowly through the wide avenues while I walked by his side talking to him. Sometimes he stopped and wrote something down, afterwards giving me the sheet as a keepsake. It is the same firm and rather upright handwriting of his former days. An anecdote which I told him made his face quite bright with amusement. A little commission which the Emperor gave me on that occasion showed that he hoped to live for some time yet. His complexion seemed healthier to me than it was in March, nine weeks ago. After a while he got out of the carriage and went up the stairs to the palace without assistance, so that even then he did not leave the impression on me of a man walking amid the shadows of approaching death.

M. Paul Foucher, a nephew of Victor Hugo, and a leading French journalist, has offered himself to M. Pasteur as a subject for a decisive experiment on vaccination against Asiatic cholera, about which a paper was read in the Academy of Sciences the other day. M. Pasteur thanks M. Foucher, and promises to refer the matter to the writer of the paper, a young Odessa doctor, Dr. Gamaleia, but does not say whether he will accept the offer.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at 8.15,
Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD as
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MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.
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(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9. Preceded by, at 8.15, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. N.B.—Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Burton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE REFUGEES. Mr. D. Somers, Miss Agnes Miller, &c.

GAIETY THEATRE.

(Under the Direction of Miss SOPHIE EYRE. Lessee, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.)

MARINA, at 8.45 (Last Two Nights), Miss EYRE as MARINA. Preceded at 8 by POLLY'S VENTURE. The Theatre will CLOSE on WEDNESDAY NIGHT, for final rehearsals of SHE which will be produced on THURSDAY, Sept. 6, under the stage direction of Mr. William Sidney. Box-office now open daily from 10 to 6. Business Manager, Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD.

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(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

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At 8.30, punctually, DOROTHY. (704th Performance.)

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SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.

COMEDY THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Walter Everard, and Mr. W. Lestocq. Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Kate Lee, and Miss Vane Featherston. Preceded by, at 8, BARBARA.—Business Manager Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

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NORTHWARD HO!

(A NEW "BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.")

I.
Of Wiggins and the North
Sing the glory and renown,
How he fared from England forth
To the far Siberian town,
And his ship through Arctic seas proudly steamed;
Though by ice and drifting rack
Often foiled and driven back,
And though finding of a track
Hopeless seemed.

II.
Like leviathans afloat
Loomed the icebergs in his way,
But the dauntless tar believed
He could pierce their grim array;
Thus for twenty long years did he plan.
Till at last his Arctic run,
To the shores which all men shun,
In a ship by hoardings won
He began.

III.
Again! again! again!
Through the Kara Sea he plied,
And up the mighty stream
To the heart of Asia hied,
And the Tartar and the Russ cheered him on.
For his steamer was the first
That on their silence burst,
And on souls in night immersed
Wiggins shone!

IV.
Then Russia blest our tar
That he'd pierced her frozen zone,
And was granted by the Tzar
Right of trade to him alone;
And yet amid the praises that we pour
Let us think of all those years
Of peril, toil, and fears,
Of the coldness and the sneers
That he bore!

H. F. L.

TO THE TRIBE OF BRITISH "TARTARINS."

Under the head of "Mountain Midgets; or, Thirty Years After," the *Alpine Journal* publishes some verses addressed to the British Tartarius, from which we take the following lines:—

You, who love an "Alpine Centre" and an inn that's full of people,
Where the tourists gape in wonder while their Jack beflags his steeple:

Lads, whose prate is never-ceasing, till the *table d'hôte* is crammed
With the *gendarmes* you have collared, and the *cols* you've *spi'ed* or *hammed!*

Not for you the friendly *Wirthshaus*, where the *Pfarrer* plays the host,
Or the vine-hung *Osteria*, where the bowls go rattling most;

Not for you the liquid splendour of the sunset as it dies,
Not for you the silver silence and the spaces of the skies,

Known of men who in the old time lodged in hollows of the rocks,
Ere those Circe's sties, the Club-huts, harboured touristdom in flocks.

There you lie beside your porters, in tobacco fumes enfurled,
And think more of cold plum pudding than "the gleaming of the world;"

There you ponder with your fellows on the little left "to do,"
Plotting darkly Expeditions that may, partially, be new;

Dreaming fondly of the glory that such "azure feats" must get,
When your guide narrates the story in the "Grindelmatt Gazette;"

Gloating grimly on the feelings Hobbs and Nobbs will strive to smother
When they learn the Gross Narr Nadel has been just bagged by another—

Hobbs and Nobbs, who, slily stealing to our Grün Alp telescope,
May find solace in revealing how you faltered on the rope.

Mountain Midgets—thus I hail you—who to littleness your own
Fain would drag down Nature's Greatest, leave earth's minster-spires alone.

Yet in vain an old man preaches. What is brought must still be found,
Still the raw, relentless athlete make the Alps his running-ground,

Still the Greater breed the Lesser on through infinite degrees,
And the mountains have their Midgets—as the glaciers have their fleas.

"BOOKS I HAVE RAMBLED WITH."

When I go away from my bookshelves of a night, if it is only to take a walk through the streets, or to watch a sunset down beyond the trees, I usually put a book in my pocket with the pretext that I might be detained somewhere, and might have a half-hour to while away with it; but with the real motive of carrying a token of that nook where so much pleasure lies into those out-of-door places where other and different entertainment awaits me. I have gone so far, to tell truth, that I buy books adapted to the size of my well-bagged pockets.

There are two or three books so obtained and so treated in the past years which have come to have a value far above that of their contents, precious as that is. There is a battered and misshapen "Golden Treasury," which has been the companion of many a good fellow in overland rambling, and has borne away upon its surface and the browned edges of its leaves a whole diary of knobs and discolorations. What poem within the covers could do more than this toward peopling "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," with visionary images? There is a rough sketch on its first blank leaf which talks pleasantly to me of a walk begun before dawn in the early spring. The "subject" is a tall figure in very loose dress, wearing a Tam o' Shanter hat, and drawing, with attentive face pointed up a hilly road. He is sketching—I remember with this talisman before me—a little toll-house so thickly embowered in vines that its brick chimney and an angle or two of its frame structure alone escaped the amiable embrace of the leaves. How fresh and green it looked in the early sunlight! Afterwards we lay at full length in midst of the rain-washed turnpike—unsullied by a single wheel on that quiet Sunday morning—and gazed upward through the depths of foliage, thoughtful and tired with night travel. But each stain or pencilled line has its endeared association, and there are a hundred unnumbered leaves *not* in the contents of my "Golden Treasury."

There is another book which I must take down from its shelf and read the cover of to you. It is a copy of "White of Selborne" which has not been so much out-of-doors as the "Golden Treasury;" but which yet has "places of nestling green" scattered all over its blue boards. Gilbert White, with his wise remarks on the habits of bats, his controversy over the flight of swallows, and his careful observations of the weather—his love, in short, of the "great round-

about"—could he have had more pleasant profit out of his rambles by Wolmer Pond? His delightful record of wholesome days spent in companionship with birds—wandered away in the leafy closes of English woods; devoted to insect and beast with kindly curiosity—his "Natural History of Selborne" has few charms between its covers finer than those which hover about the surfaces of my well-worn copy.

A tiny specimen of "The Complete Angler" has also had its experiences in my company. It is a compact little volume, like good Iz. Wa. himself in its lustiness and ability to enjoy itself by streamsides. Its very diminutiveness is of course a friendly characteristic to me. But, withal, it has a good clear face of type which looks into your eyes in so honest, irresistible a way that you are bound to take it with you if sport be on foot with some "brother of the angle." It is like a companionable little pug or Skye terrier which has an instinct that some jaunt is contemplated and dances into your lap, with appealing eyes and placative nestling nose, eager for the road. To leave such a bookkin behind would be to leave a shade of blue out of the sky, a tint of emerald out of the leaves. To take it along is to take "a procurer of contentedness"—a skein of attachment to that gas-lit corner where it rests contemplative of indoor happiness, or is sometimes taken down to bring green boughs and running streams across the snow of winter.

How it has made after-dinner tranquillity for us in remote inns! There is a whole day's pleasure in that broken corner; a morning's scene of dripping leaves and damp brown roads lies there in the long scratch on the back. And here—from dalliance with the luncheon cheese—is a ring of stain which holds a picture of a noisy dam and the canal locks in its circumference. Could any mere diary of the "yesterday went a fishing" character ever recall to me those great stone barriers with the yellow houses atop; the tumbling waters with their consequent row of fishermen above and the slanted lines tugging with the foam reaching below; the blatant tin of the onward canal boat; or the pretty nymph in blue boating dress who watched so attentively the operation of "locking" that my own attractive tresses were unavailing? No; such pictures are the possession of the backs of books—they like the air and light—and will not submit to be pencilled on inner pages in company with the weather.—HARRISON S. MORRIS.—*The American.*

ST. PETER AND THE POET.

"But you own that on earth you were a poet," said St. Peter to the applicant at the gate, "and you even confess that you have written verses on 'Constancy,' and on 'Gentle Spring.' Why in the world should I let you in?" "Because I never wrote a campaign song," responded the verse-maker, and the gates flew open so quick that the sudden draught knocked a passing angel down.

A PONTIFICAL BENEDICTION ON A HERETIC.

According to a Swiss contemporary, Pope Leo XIII., with a *sancta simplicitas* worthy of the old woman immortalized by the dying John Huss, has innocently bestowed his pontifical benediction upon an heretical musician. Professor Ratzenberger, who is organist of the German Church at Vivis, composed a march for the benefit of the German Hulfsvereine in Switzerland. As all the world was interested at the time in the Jubilee of the Pope, the astute composer imagined that he would secure a large sale for his March if he dedicated it to Leo XIII., called it "The Jubilee March," and sent a copy of it to Cardinal Rampolla. The Cardinal wrote a letter of thanks in return, in which he said, "I have laid your composition before the Holy Father, and have the pleasure of informing you that his holiness has received with great satisfaction this proof of your reverent devotion, and in token of his gratitude he imparts to you the apostolical benediction.

THE JUBILEE OF CHAMISSO.

Mr. Algernon Ashton writes from Berlin:—

"It was just fifty years on the 21st of this month since the great poet Adelbert von Chamisso, a name cherished in every civilized land, breathed his last in Berlin. The house in which he died, Friedrichstrasse No. 235, was ruthlessly demolished a couple of years ago, and a magnificent mansion has now been built on the old spot. The front of the new house is ornamented with a beautiful medallion portrait of Chamisso in bronze, and underneath is the following inscription:—"Hier wohute Adelbert von Chamisso bis zu seinem Tode im fahre 1838." A fine large wreath of laurels was placed round this medallion on the 21st inst. in commemoration of the poet's death fifty years ago. This is, of course, as it ought to be, and one should have imagined that the grave of the poet would likewise be reverentially decorated with wreaths and flowers on such an occasion. But no, nothing of the kind! When I made my pilgrimage last Tuesday morning to the lovely and beautifully kept Jerusalemer Kirchhof in the Belle-alliance Strasse, where the remains of Chamisso repose, together with his wife, under a plain brown granite stone, surrounded by ivy, I was not a little surprised to find that nobody in the great city of Berlin had thought it worth their while to put a wreath, and were it ever so simple, on the grave of the immortal bard. I therefore naturally felt rather proud to be the first and apparently the only one to decorate the poet's grave with a laurel wreath. But my astonishment (and pride too) rose to its height when, later in the day, I read in every evening paper in Berlin the important news that some unknown hands had reverentially placed a wreath of laurels on the tomb of Adelbert von Chamisso! The next morning I found out that this wonderful piece of intelligence had been telegraphed to most of the large newspapers in Germany!! If these good people could have only known that the decorator of Chamisso's grave was an Englishman, and not a German, they might perhaps have felt a little ashamed. But I do not wish to cast the slightest imputation on the German people. That memorable day, the fiftieth anniversary of Chamisso's death, was duly solemnized by every newspaper in the Empire, printing long articles on the life and career of the poet. The Germans are vastly more reverential and thoughtful in this respect than the English, who (to mention only one instance) actually allowed the one hundreth anniversary of the birth of the great Sir Robert Peel to pass by in utter silence! This I do not hesitate to characterize as a national disgrace. The Germans, especially the Berliner, have also the beautiful custom of decorating the graves on the birth and death days of the deceased with a sumptuousness and gorgeousness which is quite unknown in England. All the more surprised was I to see what a fuss was made about a simple little laurel wreath that some "unknown hands" placed upon the grave of Adelbert von Chamisso.

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